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The Sketch

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The Sketch

No. 2168.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

THIS IS THE ROOF-GARDEN THAT JACK BUILT!

JACK HULBERT, the actor and screen star, who is now at work on the notable new picture "The Camels are Coming," has a small but fascinating roof-garden at his London house in Curzon Street. The clever way in which the limited space has been utilised is entirely due to Mr. Hulbert's ingenuity, and, indeed, he has worked at it with his own hands. In our photograph he is posed with a favourite cat, who is obviously not so used to facing the camera as her star master.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

KINKS.

PROBABLY we should all be less interesting to each other than we are if it were not for our little whims and peculiarities and idiosyncrasies ; but it is extraordinary how fast they stick to us—how easily mendable they seem to be, how deep-rooted and incorrigible they actually are.

You would think, for example, that any man was capable of responding to the popular exhortation to " pull your socks up." Yet there are males, otherwise worthy, who seem to be quite unable to make this simple effort of will. They go from the cradle to the grave with concertina socks. Now, this is not merely a matter of raiment, it is a matter of character. There is no feeling more demoralising, more disconcerting, to any person of proper sensitiveness than that of socks sagging wearily about the ankles. I say nothing of the appearance of the thing, which is detestable—the mere feeling is intolerable to self-respect. There is a singular air of defeat about socks which are at half-mast, and a man who cannot pull his socks up cannot pull his heart up. Actually, of course, it is unnecessary to pull them up at all if you take the proper measures. Though I am not advertising any particular article of gent's haberdashery, there *is* an article—a pair of articles—which will keep socks (and therefore one's character) in a permanent state of tension. Several of my friends (I am almost ashamed to call them so) never seem to have heard of this indispensable device. Their corrugated socks always have a morbid fascination for me ; but I know that it is as good as friendship is worth to tell them frankly, as I often long to do, about this grave defect of character.

THE OPTIMIST : " *The pilot brought these newspapers aboard—want one ?* "
THE PESSIMIST : " *No. I want to stay cheerful as long as I can.* "

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAVE.

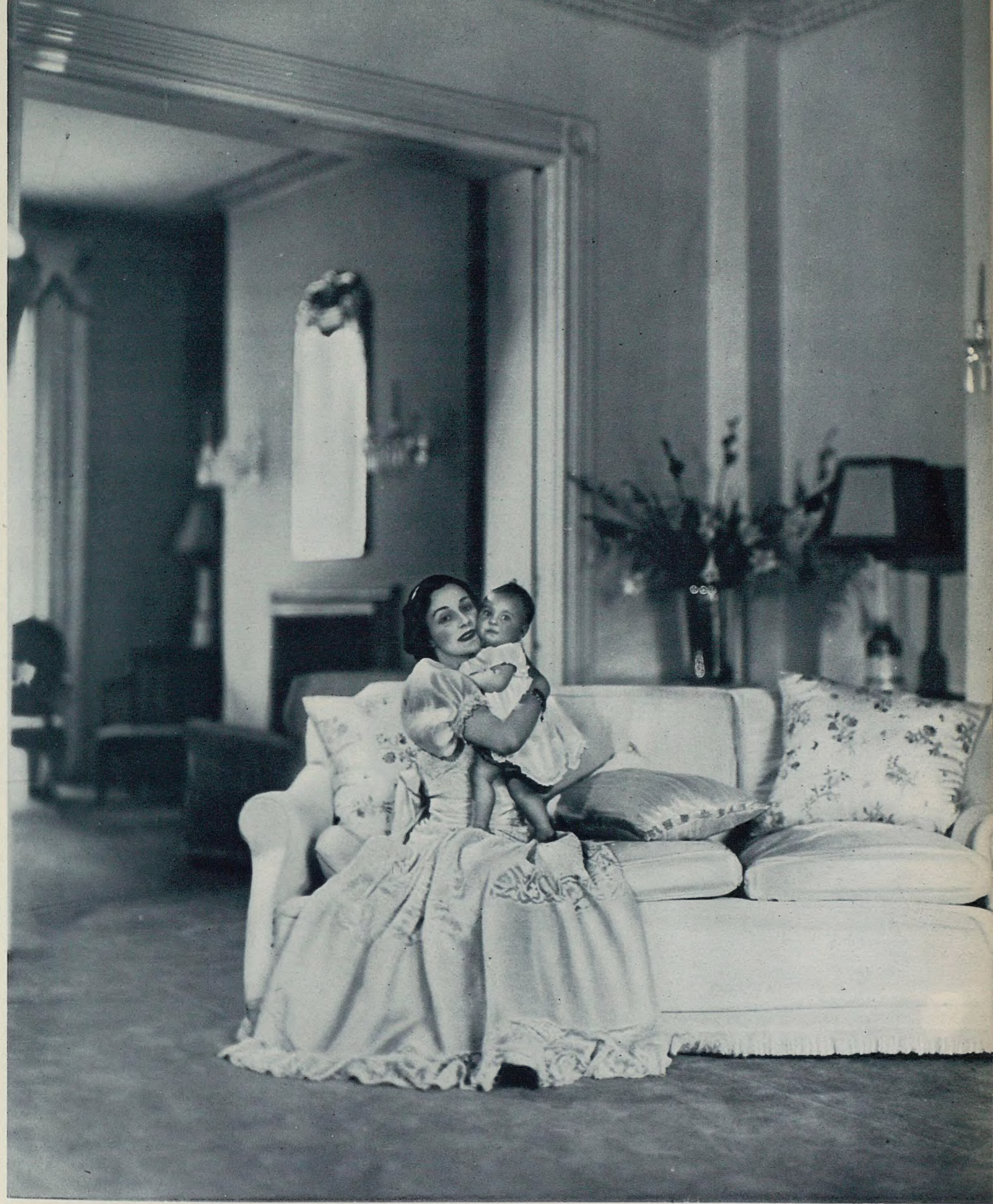
There is another type of man who can never put a coat on without turning up the collar ; and a man with his coat-collar turned up somehow has a peculiarly disarrayed appearance. If this kind of man is a bachelor, he goes on looking permanently as if he had slept in his clothes ; if he is married, and his wife is what a wife should be, she gets into the habit of automatically smoothing his neck out, so to speak, whenever he has finished dressing. It is an important point for all dutiful wives to remember.

Many people, despite lifelong acquaintance and experiment, never get on to easy terms with their ties. By no amount of effort or practice can they induce a tie to lie neat or straight. This type of person also manages, as a rule, to expose a collar-stud at the back of his neck, and I know few things which have such a shamelessly *naked* appearance as an exposed back-stud. When it comes to evening wear, I feel some sympathy with the unfortunate mortals who suffer from tie-shyness. I regard as an enemy of the human race, and especially of the male portion thereof, the ass who invented the fashion of wearing the evening tie outside the wings of the collar. My tie has never really liked this position, and is always trying to wriggle out of it ; the result is a chronic tendency to list to port or starboard (according to mood and stress of circumstances)—a tendency which I have never been able to correct entirely, despite long discipline and many severe crises. One of these days I shall lose patience and appear in one of those nice made-up bows which fix into a stud (so I am told) on a sort of spike. It might mean resigning from one's clubs and becoming a social pariah, but it would save much bitterness of spirit.

Of course, we all know the man with a genius for buying footwear which squeaks. This is rather a remarkable feat, because footwear, as made in this enlightened age, is not usually vocal ; yet there is a type of man who, out of a hundred pairs of boots or shoes, can select with unerring instinct the one pair with garrulous tendencies. He is often a churchwarden or sidesman, and his boots perform rich *coloratura* passages all down the aisle as he takes the plate round. An even more remarkable individual is he who can select collars which squeak. I have tried the experiment with all sorts of collars, but have never been able to extract a murmur from any of them ; but I know men whose collars twitter all the time like a canary which is full of *joie de vivre.* Where they find these musical collars I can't imagine, but they never fail to do so.

Have you ever suffered seriously from tappers and whistlers ? You must have met the type—the blithe-hearted fellow who tiddles little tunes on the table with his fingers when you are deliberating whether to go a game-call or not ; or whistles " Annie Laurie " under his breath with a noise like a discouraged vacuum-cleaner ; or vibrates in a series of short wave-lengths under the table with his foot or his leg. All quite harmless and well-meant, no doubt—merely the effervescence of a gay, devil-may-care disposition — but these habits are a greater provocation to homicide than any of the major frailties.

There is the man who always drops cigarette-ash on his clothes ; with what anguished suspense does one watch the ash lengthening, what dashing bets one makes with oneself about the exact second when it will scatter itself all over his waistcoat ! Then there is the person who can never read a newspaper without jumbling its pages into inextricable confusion ; the person who is constitutionally incapable of shutting a door ; and the woman who, at dinner, is incapable of retaining a napkin on her lap for two minutes. Worst of all is the miscreant who, after washing his hands, leaves the water in the basin. There is, in short, every kind of kink ; and when you have observed a few hundreds of them, you say to yourself, in alarm : " Now, what is *my* little kink, and how am *I* annoying my fellow-creatures ? " Perhaps it is just as well that you will never know !



PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE

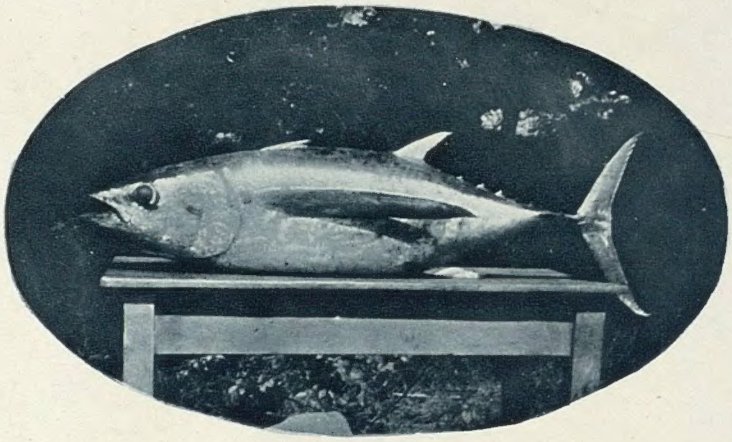
BY THE LADIES OF MELLERSTAIN.

This beautiful portrait study of the COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON and her infant daughter, LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON, was taken at Lord Haddington's London house. Lady Haddington, who was formerly Miss Sarah Cook, is a sister of the Countess of Minto, and was married in 1923. Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, who was born this year, is Lord and Lady Haddington's first child. They spend most of their time in Scotland, at Lord Haddington's lovely Berwickshire seat, Mellerstain.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

THE first tunny of the 1934 season was landed on August 5 by Sir Joseph Hewitt, who hooked another very large fish which broke away. I have just read Mr. Fred Taylor's new book on "Tunny Fishing for Beginners." The publishers, Messrs. Seeley Service and Co., have managed to issue it at the right moment and they kindly sent me an unbound copy in advance. My opinion of Mr. Taylor's book may not be entirely unprejudiced, for I have long regarded him as one of the most sporting and fair-minded of all the anglers who have fished for tunny in the North Sea. These same characteristics appear to me to be reflected in his writing. Certainly this little book will fill a gap, as there was nothing of the kind to act as a guide to those who wish to try this new and exciting sport in home waters. Mr. Taylor states that the book is expressly written for beginners by one who is still a beginner.

His method of imparting his information is discursive rather than direct. He takes the reader into his confidence and relates his experiences with their attendant joys, hardships, and disappointments. No explicit instructions are thrust under the reader's nose, but he will learn enough about tackle and methods to enable him to have a good chance of landing the first tunny that strikes his bait. Perhaps a few illustrations showing how to attach line to trace, bait to hook, and such small but important details might help the novice, but if he is wise he will choose a boatman who has sufficient experience to help him over these little difficulties. As a picture of what the beginner can expect on his first adventure after tunny, Mr. Taylor's book is most realistic and this introduction to a thrilling sport is fortified by a number of excellent illustrations.



This LONG-FINNED TUNNY, or ALBACORE, was caught in the River Echaig, Firth of Clyde, on June 20 last. It had entered the river at flood tide and was stranded when the tide ebbed. Its length was 44 inches and it weighed 60 lb. The presence of this fish in home waters is of exceptional interest, and it is one of the first ever recorded. Although this specimen is about the average weight of the species, many anglers would prefer to fish for albacore than for the big tunny, as they provide such splendid sport on light tackle. Not long ago it was reported that some small tunny had been seen off Girvan, Ayrshire, by an angler who observed them when motoring. As there is not a great deal of difference between the long-finned tunny and its bigger relation, it is possible that the fish seen off Girvan were albacore.

Good News About the River Tweed. In looking through his fishing diaries, my friend Lt.-Col. T. G. Taylor, D.S.O., has unearthed some figures which point to the fact that the character of Tweed fishing is changing. For many years past rod fishing on the Tweed was mainly of account as an autumn sport. Mr. W. L. Calderwood, in his "Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland," remarked upon this, but stated it was nonsense to describe the Tweed as naturally a late river. He blamed the river netting for destroying the spring run. Before giving Lt.-Col. Taylor's figures, it will be helpful for comparison to quote some old records from Mr. Calderwood's book. The average catch for the autumn fishing on Hendersyde from 1873 to 1907 was 118. The actual figures were supplied to Mr. Calderwood by Sir Richard Waldie Griffith, Bt. Spring catches generally are not given, but Mr. Calderwood does record the following as proof that the spring run still existed: 1906, 69; 1907, 26; 1908, 33.

Ten Times as Many Spring Salmon. Now I will give Lt.-Col. Taylor's figures. He states that, prior to the year 1911, a spring catch of over twenty fish was considered lucky, but in 1911 there was suddenly a huge jump and the score reaches 147 spring fish. This was not a flash in the pan as the increase since then has been steadily maintained. Lt.-Col. Taylor divides the records since 1911 into three decades in this way. First decade, 1911-1920, average 118 spring fish per annum. Second decade, 1921-1930, average 184. Third decade (4 years, 1931-1934), average 266.

This striking improvement in the spring fishing on the Hendersyde beat of the Tweed, which is doubtless reflected in the catches on other beats on the river, is accompanied by a falling off in the autumn catches. Another unusual feature of this season's sport on Hendersyde is the capture of ten fresh-run grilse in July. What is the explanation of the augmented spring run? A careful examination of the factors which have influenced this change might throw some light on the vexed question whether spring fish breed spring fish and autumn fish are the progeny of autumn fish. If none of the nets have been taken off during the period under review, an alternative suggests itself: that weather conditions have hampered netting operations in the spring and have been favourable in the autumn.

These PIKE, total weight 68 lb., were caught on spoon in 2½ hours on Loch Lomond by Mr. Montague B. Mulligan, while he was waiting for a breeze to fish fly for salmon on the Endrick Bank. There is some splendid pike fishing in Loch Lomond (Mr. Mulligan had sixty-two weighing 446 lb. last season), and the pike fight exceptionally well, often leaping clear of the water. The biggest one, shown above, leaped six times while Mr. Mulligan was playing it.

Trout Fishing on the Usk. This spring provided the best trout fishing that has been experienced on the River Usk for years. Lord Glanusk showed me a photograph of a fine catch he had early in the season. There were between forty and fifty trout in fine condition and averaging about half a pound. He told me that his water had given excellent sport with trout and they had about a dozen salmon before the drought made conditions impossible. When I was at Glanusk Park three years ago, I fished the upper water and managed to get a few fish on wet fly. This year Lord Glanusk warned me that fly-fishing was practically hopeless, but I decided to try, if only to enjoy the pleasure of casting a dry fly on this delightful stretch of the Usk. The pool I fished was at the lower end of the water and the approach was by a narrow winding track down a high steep bank almost overhanging the pool. A few fish were rising mostly out of reach and I only managed to land one before it became too dark to see. Every now and then the stillness of the pool was broken as a salmon rolled on the surface. The return up the steep track in pitch darkness was rather nerve-racking, as a false step would have ended in a fall of twenty or thirty feet on to the rocks below. However, I survived that, and also driving a strange car across the park without any lights—despite a lengthy search I had failed to locate the switch. I was very relieved to return Lord Glanusk's car undamaged after safely negotiating a somewhat perilous track in the dark.

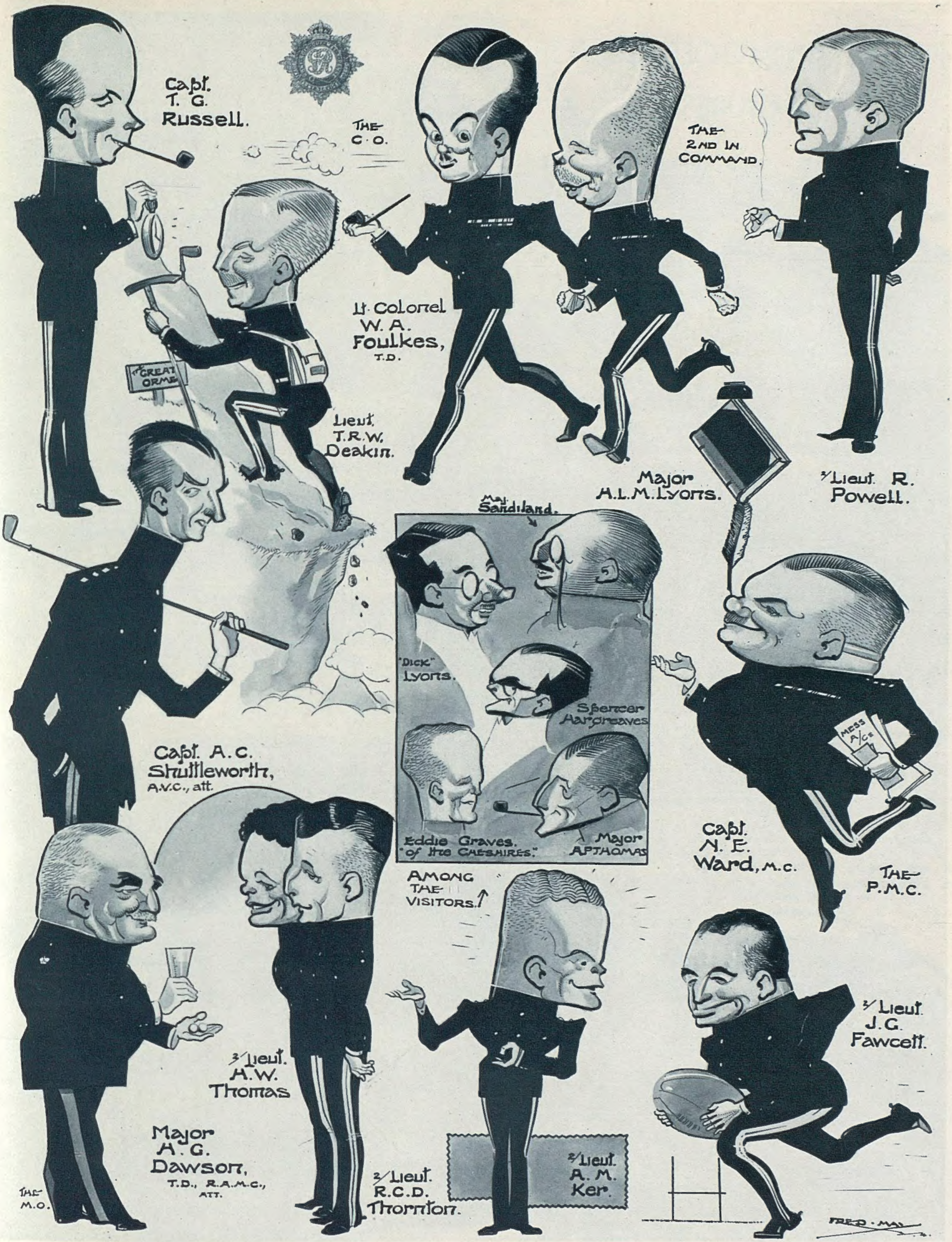
I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Owing to unfavourable fishing conditions, returns on Loch Leven are down by several thousand trout compared with last year.

Colonel Shute and Mr. Ross had a fine bag of 40 sea trout, averaging 2¾ lb., heaviest fish 7 lb., and 5 grilse on the Deveron at Banff, during the last week in July.

At 3 a.m. on July 8, Mr. Darvel, of Hurst, caught a carp of 14 lb. It put up a splendid fight and required all Mr. Darvel's skill to land it, as he was using very fine tackle. This carp and another mirror carp of 10 lb., caught a few weeks ago, have been presented alive to the Brighton Aquarium.

R. L. MARSTON.



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

SHOOTING - TROPHY CELEBRATIONS BY THE 2nd CAVALRY DIVISIONAL R.A.S.C. (T.A.)

Last week the 2nd Cavalry Divisional R.A.S.C. (T.A.) celebrated the winning of the R.A.S.C. (T.A.) Shooting Trophy, which they won in open competition this year against all R.A.S.C. Territorial units in England. Great enthusiasm was shown by all members of the shooting team, for the Trophy is a coveted prize, and there was keen competition. Their total score was 1064 points out of a possible 1200. Lt.-Colonel Foulkes, the O.C., was originally in the Cheshire Yeomanry, and has had a distinguished military career. This is the only cavalry unit remaining in the Royal Army Service Corps (Regular or Territorial), and the last unit of the A.S.C. to retain mounted equipment.

PISCINE AND GOLF COURSE PICTURES

MISS ANN TODD (in private life, Mrs. Victor Malcolm) and her husband have been enjoying a holiday at the Villa Fairway, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stoneham. Miss Todd is going into rehearsal for a new show to be produced in the early autumn.

MRS. G. W. HANNAY and MR. and MRS. DONALD STONEHAM were among the swimming enthusiasts at the piscine.

(Left) MRS. CROSS and the COUNTESS OF DUDLEY were snapped waiting to drive off at Le Touquet. Lady Dudley was Miss Gertie Millar, the famous musical-comedy star.

(Above) MR. ROBERT SWEENY, MRS. CHARLES SWEENY, and MR. CHARLES SWEENY were watching the bathers when this photograph was taken.

FROM LE TOUQUET.

The HON. MRS. GUY NEUMANN, MR. GUY NEUMANN, MR. RONALD QUILTER, and MISS PARKER are the golfers shown from left to right. Mrs. Neumann is a daughter of Lord Loch.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH and MISS JOAN GARDNER are all ready for a swim. Her ribbed bathing suit is the very latest.

(Above) This group at the piscine consists of SIR ANTHONY WELDON, BT., the COUNTESS OF JERSEY, MR. PETER THURSBY, MISS LISA MAUGHAM, MR. MORE O'FERRALL, and LADY MARY DUNN.

(Right) The HON. MRS. MAURICE LUBBOCK, daughter of the fifth Lord Stanley of Alderley, has been enjoying a golfing holiday at Le Touquet.

MONTE CARLO ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

LADY ASHLEY, very attractive in spite of black glasses, succeeded in looking the reverse of travel-stained, as she stepped into the Riviera sunlight when she arrived at Monte Carlo from London.

WITH ear-plugs and a blue pencil we 're writing in the Hôtel de Paris bar between dusk and dinner. At the next table, Don—the Paris artist, not the London journalist — is making a witty caricature of the Philadelphian beauty, Mrs. Larry Doyle. Formerly Pauline Munn, she belongs to the same vintage as Barbara Mdivani, Bridget Poulett, Doris Duke, and Margaret Sweeny, to name some faces which made the depression less deep. Mrs. Doyle's great dark eyes slant upwards. She 's the only woman who wears a béret *basque* in Monte Carlo. She also has the smallest pet dog, the best ankles, and the most unmistakable accent; once heard, never dissociated from Philadelphia's smart set.

The CHARLES FARRELLS, two of Hollywood's most popular people, look highly attractive in colourful beach costumes in the South of France.

Grand Duke Dmitri 's talking with accomplished charm to Betty Sundmark, perhaps the most beautiful brunette in the world. She has repose but no sparkle. Once the world's most discussed blonde, Peggy Hopkins Joyce sits with Mr. (" Suicide Freddie ") McEvoy. She wrote " Men, Marriage, and Me," a manual which entertained. Mr. McEvoy, who grazed his thumb riding the Cresta in January, undeterred by danger, has ordered an ice-blue and chromium-plated skeleton with crash-helmet to match. We hope he 'll remember to wear rakes *en suite*. Another Cresta rider—the new President Harry Hays Morgan—sits with his wife as usual, quietly observing human nature. He 's exchanged that cream kimono with the Chinese funny story embroidered in red silks on the back, for conventional wear. Ralph Harbord, budding Cresta ace, and sister Betty radiate enthusiasm. They 've just arrived and everything seems marvellous—the sea, the sun, the food, the girls, the bands, and the cracks.

Edythe Baker d'Erlanger, flitting from swing-door to bar and back, wears the only dressy printed pyjamas seen to date. Dates are made to dine at the " Caneton " in Nice or the " Château de Madrid " in the mountains near Eze. Both have *la cuisine très soignée*, and the latter's burgundy is beautiful. We have Mr. Wanamaker's word for it. Rory More O'Ferrall says: " I 'm leaving to-morrow." Nobody pays any attention because nobody ever leaves. Monte Carlo in summer has this in common with St. Moritz in winter. You quarrel with your girl friend and blow over to Cannes to change your luck, in the same way that you quarrel with your girl friend and ski over the Parsenn. But you make a come-back.

New arrivals are evident. Mrs. (ex-Londoner) Rosalind Horne has joined the Dickersons. Lady Baillie and Sir Adrian are with Kay Norton, whose supply of excellent beach clothes seems inexhaustible. Captain Margesson's schoolgirl daughters have charming figures and grave good manners. The Comtesse Achille de Surmont 's one of the smartest women here. She designs her own clothes, though unconnected with commerce, and enjoys looking different. No one competes with Mme. René d'Estainville, who appears in a native skirt from Ceylon of *vieux rose* cotton, and the Hawaiian three-piece worn by Mrs. " Chato " Elizaga has its own charm also. This model is also owned by Mrs. Fellowes and the Comtesse du Bourg de Bozas. Opinions differ as to which wears it best. We root for Estrella.

MRS. J. BRULATOUR, formerly Miss Hope Hampton, is posed on the balcony of her hotel suite at Cannes in a tricky black bathing suit and sun-hat. Her husband is the Kodak director and she is a famous opera singer who graduated in films. Chicago's opera season is her next engagement.

There 's so much talk about shattered romances, incompatibility, hectic parties, and lurid pasts, that couples who lead peaceful lives should be featured. At Cap d'Antibes the Charles Farrells laze, leaving night-clubs to others. At Monte Carlo the Filmer-Sankeys read on the beach or play determined tennis. They never join the circle of chatterboxes, having come for a holiday and to do as they like. Not many have such strength of mind. He 's playing nice tennis and should become tournament-minded, beginning with Gleneagles next month, as modesty is to be discouraged. The young Jelkes are another pair who enjoy each other's society. She 's pretty in a rosy-cheeked, sturdy way, and was a prominent New York débutante and he at Yale when they eloped to marry in Baltimore. Family forgiveness followed and a Frazier Jelke Third has been parked in Torquay.

MR. JOCK McGRADY and the HON. MRS. JOAN CAREY are seen at Monte Carlo. She is wearing a lovely blue bathing suit to match her eyes. Mr. McGrady left Eton about a year ago.

The much-heralded opening performance of the Follies was put off at the eleventh hour, to the fury of those who motored, or motor-boated,

from all over the Riviera. We attended the all-night dress rehearsal which preceded this gala and were impressed by the technique of Georgie Hale, Hollywood dance director, and by the patience of Ray Kavanagh, Al Donahue, and their bands, who had been up night after night, rarely called upon to play more than a bar. The girls were strictly vetoed from entering the bar and sat about sipping water and sending for sandwiches which never happened. We found the proceedings interesting, though dismal for those concerned. Bobbie Nothman copying directions and musicians copying scores were the real heroes as the hours dragged by and the stars changed places overhead while the producers muddled through.

PRINCESSE JEAN-LOUIS DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE is posed with MR. SCHLUMBERGER and his speedy car, in which they are setting out for a drive to Monte Carlo from Cannes.

In spite of this disappointment, the gala went with a bang, additional fireworks gladdening eyes and ears. Lady Castlerosse, wearing her pale pink, was with Elsa Maxwell, who afterwards played roulette; vigorously covering the board. The Duke of Sutherland and Lord Elveden were their *beaux*. Lady Ashley, exceedingly ethereal in mauve and her three bracelets, greeted Lady Castlerosse. Lord and Lady Bearsted were from their villa, the Burtons from Cannes, and the Lewisohns, accompanied by Mrs. Ryan, an American with long golden hair and a Madonna face. She 's one of the ten most beautiful women in New York. Mrs. Adrian Iselin, whose red hair is now bleached, was in this decorative group. Colonel Gordon Leith (known as " Admiral ") was host to Mrs. Black, Douglas Fairbanks, etc.

On the subject of " Don Juan," " Doug " has much to say. His own conception of this " talkie " would have included stunts—" Because I never grow up "—but now that Freddie Lonsdale and Korda have combined to make it an ironic piece of sophistication, he feels they 're absolutely right. What the box-office will feel is more important. Fairbanks Father dislikes late nights and doesn't find swimming sufficient exercise, but can't complain.

At Eden Roc, which was rather empty, we found such hardy annuals as Marjorie Crimmins, Mrs. Nugent Hope, Bunau-Varilla, Hilda Sturm, Stanley Mortimer (the only wearer of a yachting cap who owns a yacht—*Jolie Brise*, to be precise), Bill Sykes (no relation to Dickens's burglar), and the Seafields, who were over with their artist-host, Bill Burton. " Nina " was looking well. " Derek " has grown plump. We were told that two honeymoon couples, the Tiarks and the Willerts (Brenda Pearson), had been and gone, but Winnie Paget and her husband upheld the Cap's romantic tradition. She is always in a bathing-dress—and very nice too. D'Arcy Rutherford and Sam Hindlip were too busy mending their fleet of speed-boats to do more than pass the time of cocktails under the observant eye of the Baron, who still sits at his *caisse* looking distinguished and being efficient—a rare combination. Rarer still is the fact that he is a real Baron and a Russian aristocrat to whom work is not anathema.

It 's reported from Mougins that Mme. Guinness-Guevara ("Meraud," sister of Mrs. Tanis Montagu) is entertaining Donna Vera Mazzuchi, Pauline Peabody, and a British Duke. A Bourbon Prince (the one and only René) came over to Monte Carlo from Italy, bathed, and went back, to our chagrin. He 'll return to preside over the motor-boat regatta, which promises to be priceless. Boats within boats, if you get the *nuance*. Comte Pilauski 's the mainspring of M.Y.C.C.A., but he 's already been bitten by a speed-boat and has an arm in a black sling.

PRINCESSE JEAN-LOUIS DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE was formerly Miss Baba d'Erlanger. She is the smartest of all smart Parisiennes, and designed her own white sun suit and the perky blue shepherdess hat to go with it, for Riviera wear.

ALL AT COWES — ONE AT SEA.

1. *The* EARL OF BIRKENHEAD *(right) is seen at Cowes with the* HON. SHEILA BERRY *(left), the* HON. PATRICIA BERRY, *and a friend. The Misses Berry are daughters of Lord Camrose.*
2. *The* HON. LOUISA SEELY, *the* HON. PATRICK SEELY, *and the* HON. KITTY SEELY *are children of Lord Mottistone, formerly Colonel "Jack" Seely. They are all yachting enthusiasts.*
3. SIR GERARD *and* LADY FIONA FULLER *were in a family party that included Lady Fiona's sister, Lady Irene Clark, and her brother, Lord Roderick Pratt. Our photographer, however, took them alone.*
4. CAPTAIN ENGLISH *is with* MISS DAPHNE STEPHENSON. *Mr. W. L. Stephenson was second in the race for the King's Cup with his "Velsheda."*
5. MR. T. B. F. DAVIS, *owner of the "Westward," which won the King's Cup, is helping a sailor to make fast the rigging out on the bowsprit of the "Westward."*
6. MLLE. RÉGIS DE OLIVEIRA, *daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador, is one of the most popular girls in society. She is with* MISS MARCONI *(centre) and* LORD WILLIAM TAYLOUR, *younger son of the Marquess of Headfort.*

THE PHANTOM TOW-ROPE IN USE.

There was a perfect example of one of the most remarkable phenomena in yachting during the race for the King's Cup at Cowes, which was won by Mr. T. B. F. Davis's schooner "Westward." "Westward" sailed through the lee of the smaller vessel, "Velsheda," which belongs to Mr. W. L. Stephenson. "Velsheda's" captain promptly steered close to the big boat's taffrail and was "towed" along merrily by "Westward's" wake. It is well known that in these circumstances the wake, or displaced water, of the larger vessel will draw the smaller along at the same speed, just as if there were a PHANTOM TOW-ROPE between them. "Velsheda's" "tow," in spite of "Westward's" efforts to shake her off, lasted for more than three miles. The chase continued for a quarter of an hour before the phantom rope "broke" and the schooner left the cutter astern. The finishing times were: "Westward," 2 hours 30 minutes and 48 seconds; "Velsheda," 2 hours 34 minutes and 24 seconds.

FROM OUR VILLAGE.

By E. M. DELAFIELD.

Author of "The Diary of a Provincial Lady," etc.

"Delaine," I said. "One knows so exactly where one is, with delaine."

III.—COUSIN LOUISA AGAIN.

NOW, Miss Toye, I wonder if you 're too busy . . . thank you so much, but I mustn't sit down, I 'm really on my way to the Rectory about the Missionary Garden Party . . . but I just wondered if you 'd care to make up this blue delaine into an afternoon frock for me ? Is that your father's parrot, Miss Toye, still living ? You don't say so ! Not that I 'm really surprised, because parrots are like that, one knows so well. I believe they live for many hundreds of years, and could tell one about Oliver Cromwell and all kinds of things, if they cared to. For all we know, Waterloo would be *nothing* to this dear old bird.

Quite a baby, brought from West Africa ? Still, you can hardly call it a *baby* if your father brought it home from West Africa twenty-three years ago. Though nowadays *fifty*-three is nothing, and people who, in my mother's day, would have been *permanently* in black silk and lace caps, racing about all over the place with short sleeves and cigarettes . . . One has no wish to condemn anybody, but frankly, I get absolutely *disgusted* by what I see, and very often think of my dear parents turning over and *over* in their graves. Still, if you say Polly wasn't at Waterloo at all, and simply came from Africa, no doubt it is so. What about lending her, in her nice little cage and everything, for the Missionary Garden Party ? I always think it brings things *home* to people so much more, if they see some little homely touch, to remind them that those poor natives are human beings like ourselves. I daresay parrots, to them, are what canaries are to us. . . . Oh no, Miss Toye . . . not if she *pecks*, naturally. That would be most unpleasant for everybody, and might quite easily put people into the wrong frame of mind for charity altogether . . .

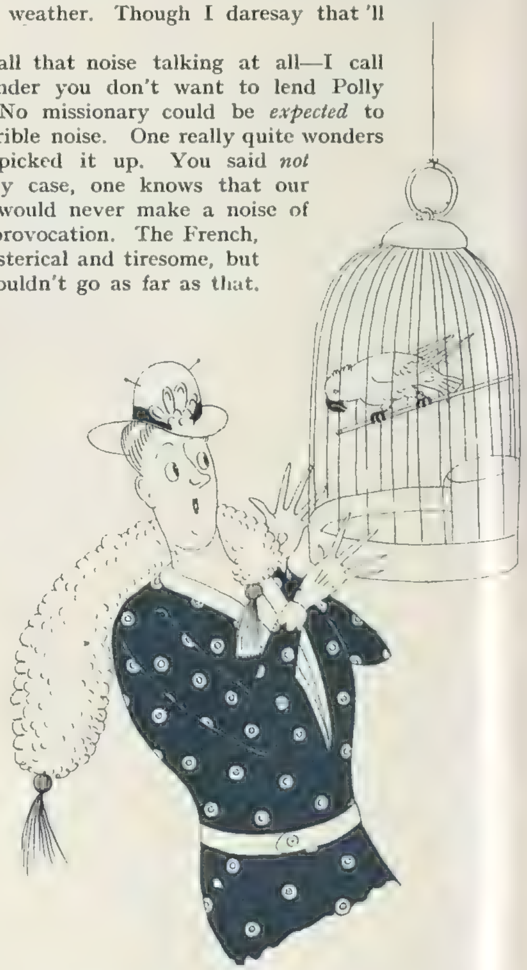
Now about the delaine. You remember a very nice dark blue you made for me two summers ago ? I want something of the same kind, only *this* time, I thought : Delaine. I said to the young man in the shop, "Delaine," I said. One knows so exactly where one is, with delaine.

"And I think perhaps it might be wiser to take measurements again, Miss Toye. . . ."

Perhaps, Miss Toye, if dear Polly really pecks, I might move my chair to the other side. . . . One is so devoted to animals, who, as I always say, *can't speak for themselves*, but nobody really wants to be *attacked* by an animal, after all. Though certainly a cage makes a difference. Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Very well, then, I thought we 'd have the little fichu effect in front—crossed—and elbow sleeves, because of the weather. Though I daresay that 'll change.

Miss Toye, I don't call that noise talking at all—I call it *screeching*. No wonder you don't want to lend Polly for the missionaries. No missionary could be *expected* to speak through that terrible noise. One really quite wonders where she can have picked it up. You said *not* Waterloo ? And in any case, one knows that our brave British soldiers would never make a noise of that kind, under any provocation. The French, of course, are rather hysterical and tiresome, but I suppose even *they* wouldn't go as far as that. And after all, one mustn't forget that they were our Allies in the war, though I shall never approve of the way they 've behaved since, especially about the war debts.

What about a cloth over the cage, Miss Toye ? I believe that makes them think it 's the middle of the night, and they go quietly to sleep. So unlike one's self, especially in the early morning, when I always think one's *worries* come up to the surface so.



"Perhaps, Miss Toye, if dear Polly really pecks . . . ."

Very well, Miss Toye, by all means show me the book of fashion - plates. One wants to move with the times, and although I may not wear backless pyjama-suits and drink cocktails, I 'm as anxious as anybody to have a perfectly tidy dress for Sundays and the Garden Party at the Court. No, I don't care for those frills—and why a cigarette, held in that very affected way ? I don't care for it at all, and in any case, the arm looks to me quite out of drawing. As a girl I had drawing lessons from a very well-known Italian artist, who was a drawing master. And I remember how *extremely* particular he was about getting things in perspective. *Not good drawing*, he used to write in the margin. Little thatched cottages, and mountains, one used to do in those days, I remember.

Certainly, I want it ankle-length, and I think perhaps it might be wiser to take the measurements again, Miss Toye. One never quite knows. How does your poor mother stand the noise from that bird, I wonder ? So different from the dear little chirp of a canary, isn't it ? No, please don't answer me, Miss Toye. I should never forgive myself if you swallowed any of those pins. A dear friend of ours once lost her little boy through swallowing one single needle, and I 'm sure you have at least a dozen pins. Polly, Polly, Polly, pretty Poll . . . really, it 's most interesting to think she may outlive us all. Very likely by hundreds of years. No doubt the poor dear bird will see everybody dashing about in aeroplanes, and think nothing of it whatever.

Thank you, Miss Toye, I think that ought to be very nice. Now I mustn't take up any more of your time, and I must go on to the meeting at the Rectory. Good-bye, Polly. . . . One sees what you mean, Miss Toye, about her being quite vicious, and trying to peck through the bars.

I daresay West Africa is a thoroughly savage place, and it simply shows how very necessary a Missionary Garden Party is, when it comes to decent animals being taught to regard man as an enemy, rather than a friend. Though really, one doesn't feel that dumb is at *all* the right word for your poor father's parrot, does one ? Still I daresay the blue delaine will look very nice. . . .

CONFESSIONS BY CAMERA: NO. IV.—THE HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID.

THE "Confession Album," which contained a series of printed questions designed to reveal the personality of the "victim," was a craze of the Edwardian era. "The Sketch" revives it in a pictorial form with this series of illustrated interviews with well-known people, in which they declare their tastes. The HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID, younger daughter of Lord Mount Temple, and wife of Captain Cunningham-Reid, D.F.C., M.P., here reveals her personality in this way.

QUESTION.	ANSWER.
What is your favourite colour?	Yellow.
Your favourite author?	That great humorist, George A. Birmingham, especially in his book "Spanish Gold."
What is your hobby?	Reading.
What sort of decoration and furniture do you prefer?	Period furnishings.
Have you any pets?	Yes. Dachshunds.
Which is your favourite month of the year?	May—because I was married in that month.
Your favourite sports?	Lawn-tennis and ski-ing.
What kind of clothes do you like wearing best?	Light summer dresses.
Your pet aversion?	Seed cake.
Q.	A.
For an ideal dinner what would you choose?	A short theatre-dinner of the following—

Onion Soup.

Minute steak; done with fried bananas on top.
Cauliflower au gratin.

Crêpe Suzette; and Coffee.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. C. BUCKLEY.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

JEWELLERY for Cowes ought to be "right" as well as costume! Purists consider that ornaments should be confined to a Yacht Club Burgee in jewels or enamel, but it 's also quite permissible to wear a brooch or bracelet made up of tiny signalling flags arranged to spell out a name or a message!

This year *Britannia* has a new signal number, as have most of the big yachts, and the Court jeweller at Cowes made a special brooch for the Queen's inspection. It is "M.Q.L.G.," and the prevailing colours are yellow and blue, the tiny flags on a diamond mast-head being in sapphires, topaz, diamonds, and onyx. It is a contrast to the former brooch worn exclusively by her Majesty, which had a good deal of red in the flag, so was set with rubies.

LADY MOYRA PONSONBY, only daughter of H.E. the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Bessborough, was sun-bathing at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick, when this photograph was taken.

The HON. MRS. JOHN BETHELL and her children, JENNIFER and GUY BETHELL, think that bathing is the best form of amusement on a hot day at Frinton-on-Sea. Mrs. Bethell was Miss Veronica Connolly.

. . . .

Admiral Lord Jellicoe is always one of the great personalities of Cowes, and is the ideal tea-time escort not only on account of his charm and distinction, but because he is such a super handy-man that he can balance more ices in one hand and bring them to the ladies of his party more quickly than anyone else! All through Cowes Week he was accompanied by Prince Frederick of Hesse, who is a very good-looking young man.

. . .

The Errett Cords, the Americans who own the *Virginia*, added gaiety to life at Cowes by giving a perfectly wonderful party on board her. Their guests for the week included the Ormond Lawson-Johnstons and Lord and Lady Inchiquin. Apart from being Americans who are still rich, the Cords are interesting personalities. He comes from Georgia and she from Virginia, so they are typical Southerners, and much dislike display.

Mrs. Cord, who is a handsome blonde, has lovely golden hair which has never been shingled, because her husband prefers it long. Her nails are untinted for the same reason, and she hardly ever wears much jewellery. Prince George paid a visit to the Cord yacht at cocktail-time one evening, and was expected at the party on the Wednesday, when everything was marvellously done.

The COUNTESS OF RADNOR has been having a seaside holiday at Frinton. She was snapped bathing with her daughters, the LADIES JANE (left) and BELINDA PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE. Lady Radnor was Miss Helena Adeane.

The COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH, wife of H.E. the Governor-General of Canada, is on holiday, but is not idle. This snapshot of her at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, the Dominion's new summer resort, shows that she knits and writes letters on the shore.

. . .

The Warrender family were well to the fore all Cowes Week, but all left in their yacht *Norada* before the end and proceeded to Falmouth, where there is more for the boys to do. I was amused at the youngest lad's enthusiasm for the family yacht. His mother had been explaining to a friend that she hadn't the whole family aboard as *Norada* is so small that there was no room. As soon as her back was turned, Simon said: "That 's our yacht out there," pointing to her; "she 's *really* not so small as Mother makes out."

Dress at Cowes is always immensely patriotic, for navy blue, white and red are really the only colours which are satisfactory, so we all look like variants of the Union Jack on the move.

Our foreign visitors included Baroness Cartier de Marchienne, who wore her long blue reefer coat draped over her shoulders with the sleeves hanging down with careless grace. She and her husband were staying with Sir Gomer and Lady Berry, who have chartered a yacht. They live on board, but "park" the numerous members of his family at a hotel on shore. The boys go in "steps," and are all good-looking and dressed alike in white flannels, blue reefer coats, and yachting caps. The Gomer Berry party plan to go on to Deauville, Biarritz, Monte Carlo, and other seaside *villes de plaisir*, which sounds most attractive. Lady Berry is a handsome brown-eyed blonde, and was formerly Mme. Dresselhuys.

. . . . . .

Lady Pamela Smith was in another Berry party on board Lord Camrose's yacht, *Sona*, and was seen about a lot with Mr. Patrick Berry, the eldest son. She looked very young and attractively childish in her navy blue outfit, which seemed to rob her of that air of sophistication which characterises her in London. The *Sona* party are not entirely nautical in their tastes, as on one afternoon they went in full force inland for a game of golf.

The christening of the infant son of the MASTER OF GRAY and of the HON. MRS. CAMPBELL-GRAY took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Our group shows CAILAIN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL-GRAY in the arms of his mother. ANGUS DIARMID and FIONA FAITH CAMPBELL-GRAY are the other two children.

One couldn't help missing the gay young crowd of Guinnesses which used to collect on board *Fantôme II.* before all the girls were married. This year Mrs. Ernest Guinness was about a lot, but Mrs. Philip Kindersley was the only one of her daughters who came. She paid a one-day visit on the Friday, but did not appear again. Lady Dufferin is, of course, at home with her very new baby daughter, and Mrs. Plunket is in Ireland. Mrs. Patrick Davison, who is a niece of Mrs. Guinness, was with her on board *Fantôme*. She has a really convincing nautical air with her short blue or grey skirts, short-sleeved sweaters, and workmanlike caps.

. . .

News from Norfolk indicates that the social barometer is rising every week in that county, though the fact that Mrs. Phipps Foster was sighted wearing large beige gauntlet gloves and a navy blue costume on the beach, and that her daughter sat by the sea wrapped in a camel's hair "Guardsman's" coat doesn't seem to indicate that the temperature goes up equally steadily! Mrs. Foster and her daughter are both dark and decorative, and very like each other.

MISS LETTICE MARY WARD, only daughter of the Hon. Robert and Lady Mary Ward, is engaged to Mr. Arthur Wilson-Filmer, of East Sutton Park, Maidstone, eldest son of Captain A. Stanley Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of Tranby Croft, Yorks. The marriage is fixed for September 18.

. . .

Mrs. Richard Bethell has sufficiently recovered from the strenuous business of the season to play golf at Brancaster, while her youngest son disports himself on the beach with young Leslies and Cory-Wrights. Miss Penelope Maffey adds colour to the landscape by her orange shirt and brown linen trousers, an excellent outfit for a beauty with corn-coloured hair and blue eyes. She 's the daughter of Sir John and Lady Maffey.

. . . . . .

Viola Tree's tall, good-looking son, Mr. Denis Parsons, bathes on this same Brancaster beach, while Mrs. Jack Leslie, cosily dressed in a grey plaid tweed coat, dispenses tea; and Mrs. Sheepshanks, with a bandeau round her head and wearing a navy cardigan and trousers, helps to add a touch of Continental gaiety to this so-English scene by playing an accordian. She 's the third sister of Lord Chelmsford.

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Inaccuracy about one's age is a woman's privilege, so I suppose that Lady Sylvia Maitland was just showing that one can be feminine as well as modern when she arranged to have her majority birthday dance about six weeks too soon! She won't be twenty-one until Sept. 22, but the Thirlestane celebrations are over. They included a small dance and a big garden fête. Lord Maitland, who has just come back from a marvellous trip round the world, was home for the dance, and the party also included Lord Reay, the tallest English peer, who is Dutch by extraction and owns a Dutch title and a place in the Netherlands as well as his Scottish barony and baronetcy, which date from 1628 and 1627 respectively.

Thirlestane is a remarkable place. It 's reputed to contain a couple of hundred rooms. I 've never counted them, but I have seen the theatre, the dungeons and the oubliette. The day after the ball there was a garden fête in aid of the Scottish Gardens Scheme. This doesn't sound very whoopee or gala to the ears of wearied and well-seasoned Londoners, but I 'm told it went with a swing. People came from all over the Borders, and went in droves round the castle and gardens, and simply revelled in the side-shows.

These were good. They included a splendid gypsy fortune-teller in costume, who proved to be Lady Lauderdale's sister, Mrs. Ormrod. She came over from Makerstoun with her mother, Mrs. Bell-Irving, and her famous twin baby sons, James and John, who are already notable Border personalities, and the pride of their grandfather, Mr. Bell-Irving.

The marriage of LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH, only daughter of the Earl of Darnley and of Mrs. Chandor, to MR. CLAUD STRICKLAND, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Strickland, of Charing, Kent, took place at St. John's, Church, Puttenham, Surrey.

. . .

The two Lady Elliotts of Stobs were both present, and Sir Walter and Lady Maxwell-Scott came from Abbotsford. The latter was just home from Paris, where, no doubt, she had been re-stocking her wardrobe. The chic of her blue and white costume was a very happy result of this expedition. Lady Maxwell-Scott is one of the great personalities of the Borders. She was formerly Mme. de Sincay, Comtesse de Beaucaire, but is American by birth. She has tremendous charm and is a brilliant bridge player and a very intelligent woman. Her library at Abbotsford is a particularly interesting one, and all her books are specially bound and bear her monogram.

The Scottish Gardens Scheme is doing wonders in Peeblesshire, I 'm told, as it 's really solved the problem of what to do on Sundays. Its success began with a huge fête at Traquair, the lovely old home of Mr. Maxwell Stuart.

MARIEGOLD.

T.R.H. the DUKE and DUCHESS OF YORK arrived at Glamis Castle last week on their annual visit to the Duchess's parents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. They were accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, and the Duchess brought the family pet, a Welsh Corgi.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. LAWSON WOOD

—FOR BECOMING AN F.Z.S. THROUGH MAKING GRAN'POP SO LIFELIKE.

MR. LAWSON WOOD is known to all "Sketch" readers as the creator of that celebrated ape, Gran'pop, and for many brilliant and humorous sketches of animals which have from time to time appeared in our pages. He has now been elected an F.Z.S.—in recognition of Gran'pop, no doubt; but also on other grounds! He is passionately fond of all animals, and for many years past he has worked very hard in conjunction with a friend (Mrs. Webb) to save horses from bad homes and from the Oversea traffic to Belgium; arranging for them to end their days in peace and happiness. The photographs on this page include one of Mr. Lawson Wood with his favourite horse, Prairie Lass, and a snapshot of him holding a Shetland pony foal, Pixie, with, standing beside it, its dam, Dinah.

GRAN'POP WINS THE EMPIRE GAMES TREE RACE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

Reward for Thirst . . .

Sparkling Grape-Fruit, cooling, thirst-destroying, fresh as the newly picked fruit itself, sipped gently, slowly through long, lean straws—what better reward for thirsts than

Schweppes

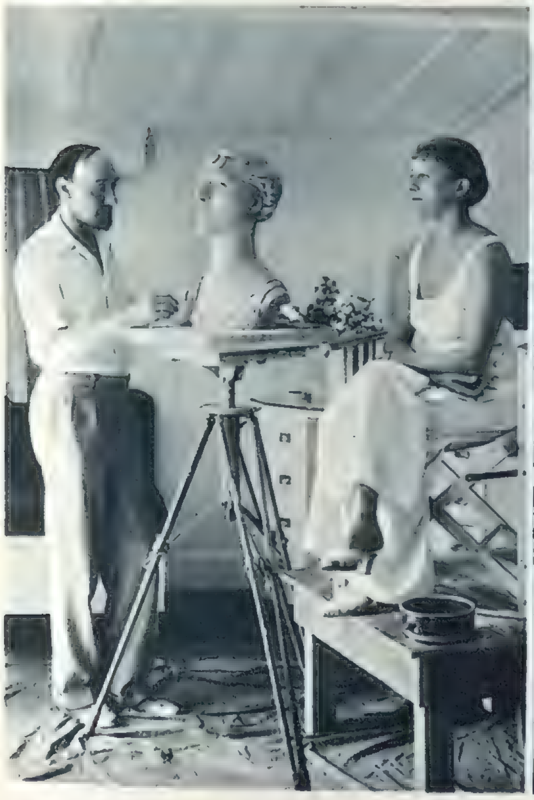
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

BANQUETING BARDS; BATHING BEAUTIES; AND AN ARTIST AT WORK.

MRS. ROBERT ROPNER was photographed at Monte Carlo in a light-blue bathing-suit. She is one of the Redhead sisters, another being Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth. That she is attractive is obvious.

MLLE. JOSÉ MANDELAERS, the recently elected "Miss Belgium" 1934, is seen paddling her own canoe at Blankenberghe, the Belgian seaside resort.

MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER, daughter of Lady (Gladys Cooper) Pearson, is the picture of youth and good cheer on a Monte Carlo diving-board. She wears a red and white rubber bathing top and woollen shorts.



FRANK DOBSON, the sculptor, has just completed a portrait bust of MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS. Miss de Casalis, stage and radio star, has just finished writing a play on Napoleon in collaboration with Mr. R. C. Sherriff.

The two hundred Bards assembled for the Welsh National Eisteddfod attended a pageant and mediæval banquet of eels, venison, and mead at St. Donat's Castle, the Welsh mansion owned by Mr. Randolph Hearst. MR. LLOYD GEORGE (right) is seen at dinner in his bard's robes. MISS OLIVE HEAD is next to him.

HOW TO GET CELEBRITIES AT YOUR PARTIES!

Here are two people masked into celebrity by means of Powell's JOE E. BROWN and JOAN CRAWFORD masks. The masks are made of papier-maché and are light and flexible.

Some people long to get celebrities to their parties, but just don't know how! Doane Powell, a young American artist, has solved their problem by his wonderful papier-maché portrait-masks. Elsa Maxwell had a supper party in New York the other day, and transformed it into a Hollywood star affair by dealing out Powell masks to her guests. Here are two of them, wearing "the faces" of ADOLPHE MENJOU and PRINCESS ALEXIS MDIVANI.

SCHNOZZLE DURANTE and JEAN HARLOW masks were worn by other guests of Miss Maxwell. Impromptu scenes between the famous personalities were acted as an entertainment.

WALLACE BEERY and MAE WEST masks as worn at Miss Elsa Maxwell's party. At the end of the evening the masks were auctioned for charity and raised a good sum.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

ALICE OVERTON IN "SOUR GRAPES": MISS CONSTANCE CUMMINGS.

MISS CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, the young film actress, is now appearing in person at the Apollo Theatre, for she plays opposite to Mr. Nicholas Hannen in "Sour Grapes," the new play by Vincent Lawrence. In private life, she is the wife of Mr. Benn Levy, the playwright.

BROWN JACK, the famous race-horse who won
years in succession, has now been retired by his
at Sir Harold's house at Market Harborough,
the estate, and is able to indulge his passion fo
getting a snack from th

1. *"An apple a day keeps the doctor away" may be an old-fashioned prescription. BROWN JACK, however, is quite ready to follow it when any lady is kind enough to suggest it to him!*

2. *SIR HAROLD and LADY ZIA WERNHER are here posed with their wonderful race-horse, which won £21,646 in stakes on the flat and £1504 over hurdles during his career. Lady Zia Wernher, who has just been giving him a tit-bit, is a daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia.*

3. *BROWN JACK'S constant companion during his racing career was MAIL FIST (right) who acted as pace-maker for him. They are still comrades, and are here seen before going out to their own field.*

BROWN JACK ENTERTAINS: AT-HOME

n the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot for six
ener, Sir Harold Wernher, and is in residence
e is a tremendous favourite with everyone on
o bread and cheese to any extent. Here he is
he maids at a window.

4. BROWN JACK is here accepting an offering from one of the maids. He has a charming character, and the other day gave evidence of literary skill, for he wrote a letter to "The Times"! It was on the subject of the "Hero of Culloden" discussion, and he suggested that perhaps the Duke of Cumberland's portrait might bear an inscription referring to his other title to fame—that he was the breeder of Eclipse. No doubt, Sir Harold Wernher was kind enough to indite the letter at Brown Jack's suggestion!

5. MISS MYRA WERNHER, MISS GEORGINA WERNHER, and MR. ALEX WERNHER, the children of Sir Harold Wernher, are taking BROWN JACK out to the paddocks. During the coming season, he is to be used as a hunter.

STUDIES OF THE FAMOUS RACE-HORSE.

THE TRIAL ENGAGEMENT: MERLE OBERON AND JOSEPH SCHENCK.

The conflicting rumours as to the engagement of MISS MERLE OBERON, the film star who won fame in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." and will be in "Don Juan" and in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," to MR. JOSEPH SCHENCK, the American film magnate, resolved themselves into the statement that the pair were engaged, but that it was a "trial engagement."

MISS MERLE OBERON was photographed at Monte Carlo in a clever bathing ensemble. The skirt of white and red cotton is worn over a scarlet bathing-suit.

Here MISS OBERON has taken off the skirt to show the gay bathing-suit. It has been announced that her marriage to Mr. Schenck would not interfere with her five-year-contract with London Film Productions.

MISS OBERON wears a new version of the béret. She will, it is said, go once a year to Hollywood to make a film for Twentieth Century Pictures.

TENNIS CHAMPION PERRY AND HIS ACTRESS FIANCÉE.

The engagement of MR. F. J. PERRY, the British lawn tennis star, who won the Men's Singles at Wimbledon this year, to MISS MARY LAWSON was recently announced. She is a young screen actress who was discovered for the pictures by Mr. Norman Loudon, of Sound City, with whom she is under contract. She appeared in "Colonel Blood"; starred with Charles Farrell in "Falling in Love"; and is in "Schooldays" with Cicely Courtneidge, who is seen in a still from it on another page. Perry, who sailed for the U.S.A. last week, mentioned the fact that he was asked to play in a film to be called "At Your Service." He had, he explained, referred the matter to the Lawn Tennis Association.

MIDNIGHT BACKSTAGE-SHOTS OF THE MONTE CARLO FOLLIES.

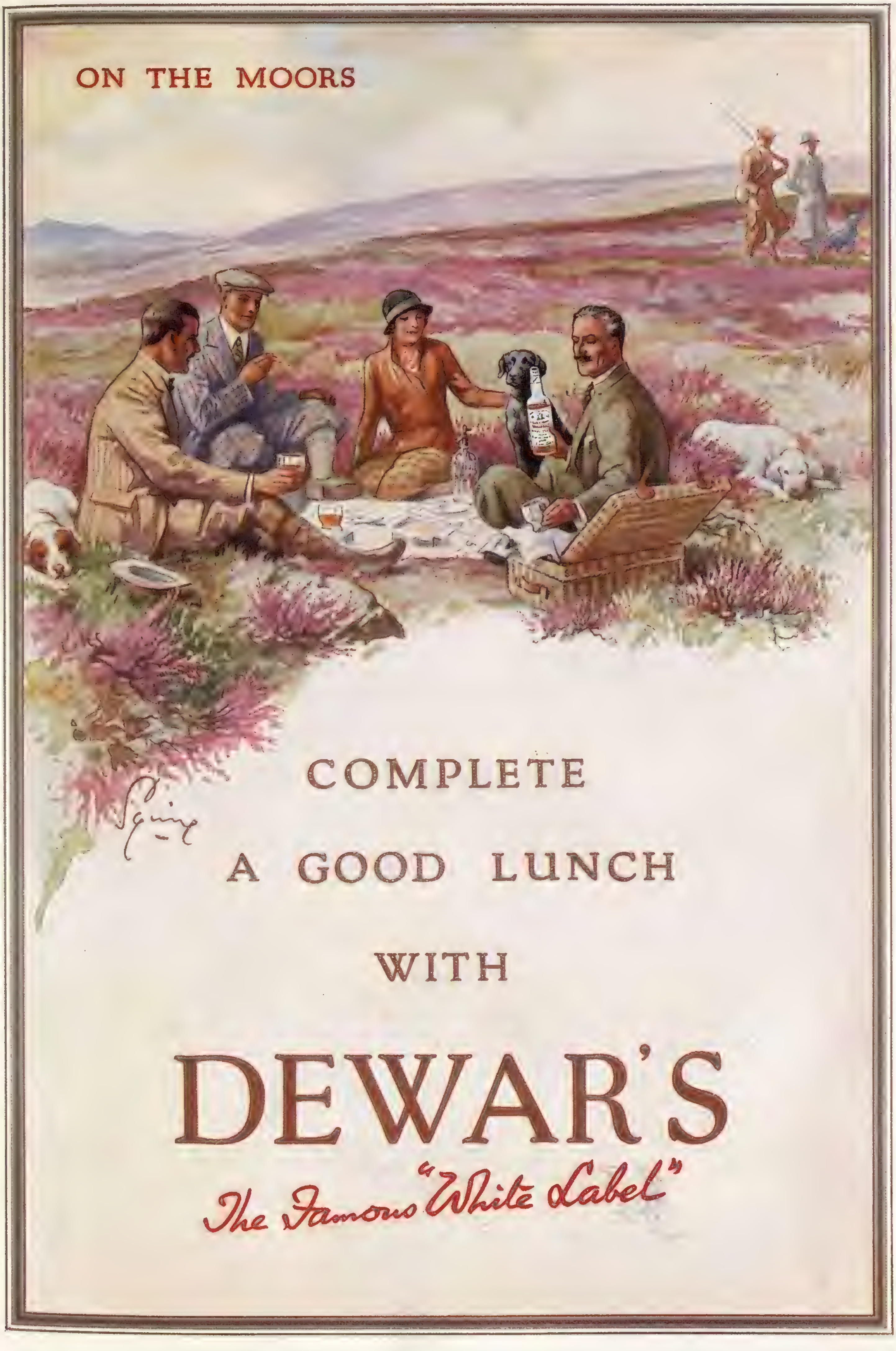
The ROBINSON TWINS—eccentric dancers — really are twins, really red-heads, and really sixteen.

During the all-night dress rehearsal a bunch of the girls is seen resting on the steps of the stage in rehearsal-kit. DOLORES GRANT is the very fair one nearest the camera.

Under a starry sky, the MONTE CARLO FOLLIES perform nightly on the roof of the Summer Sporting Club, audience and actors being in the open air. The dress rehearsal lasted all night and these "shots" were taken between midnight and dawn. HILDA KNIGHT, the glamorous red-head of the show, wears a short shiny white satin dress in one number, with a scarlet hat and feathers.

The costumes in the WHITE AND SILVER NUMBER recall the fairy doll which crowns the Christmas tree. They are like thistledown in moonlight. The bunch wearing them are some of the Follies from New York's most brilliant show.

EVELYN DALL, the diminutive leading-lady of eighteen, was practising her songs with Ray Kavanagh and his famous New York Band. She had flung a tweed jacket over her brief costume while waiting to put her number across.


ON THE MOORS
COMPLETE
A GOOD LUNCH
WITH
DEWAR'S
The Famous "White Label"

PLAYER'S
GOLD LEAF
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
"GOLD LEAF" CIGARETTES
50
No hostess could offer anything more attractive or more appreciated. The tin and the contents fit for any company
24 FOR 1/5 50 FOR 2/11 100 FOR 5/10

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE (left) walks the tight-rope in one of the scenes of "SCHOOLDAYS," the new Gaumont-British picture in which Fred Perry's fiancée, Miss Mary Lawson, also appears. The story deals with a circus girl who has a twin-sister school-teacher. The latter elopes, and the circus girl takes the class—with disastrous results!

(Right) When on holiday CICELY COURTNEIDGE and her family are acrobatic just for fun. Our photograph shows CLAUDE HULBERT and his daughter, JACQUELINE, watching BOBBY HOWES jump over PAMELA HULBERT; and PETER HOWES and JACK HULBERT jump over CICELY COURTNEIDGE, and JILL HULBERT and SALLY ANN HOWES.

CICELY COURTNEIDGE WALKS THE TIGHT-ROPE AND PLAYS LEAP-FROG.

1. *"TREASURE ISLAND," the famous R. L. Stevenson story of pirates and buried treasure, is, indeed, a proper subject for the pictures! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are now making a film of this classic tale. Here the "Hispaniola" is seen at sea. She is a schooner specially built for the film.*
2. *Long John Silver (WALLACE BEERY) and the boy, Jim Hawkins (JACKIE COOPER).*
3. *JACKIE COOPER plays Jim Hawkins.*
4. *WALLACE BEERY is Long John Silver.*
5. *"I didn't speak of treasure, Sir"; Jim (JACKIE COOPER) is accused by Captain Smollett (LEWIS STONE), Squire Trelawney (NIGEL BRUCE), and Dr. Livesey (OTTO KRUGER) of "blabbing."*
6. *Jim (JACKIE COOPER) is alarmed by Billy Bones (LIONEL BARRYMORE).*
7. *This close-up shows the pirate ship.*
8. *LIONEL BARRYMORE, as Billy Bones, receives the paper bearing the Black Spot, which indicates the fatal warning.*
9. *Blind Pew (WILLIAM V. MONG) forces Jim to lead him to Billy Bones.*
10. *"I'm all right": Captain Smollett (LEWIS STONE) is wounded. Jim, Dr. Livesey (OTTO KRUGER), and the Squire (NIGEL BRUCE) are with him.*
11. *Blind Pew and his scoundrelly friends spy through the window of the Admiral Benbow Inn.*
12. *Captain Smollett (LEWIS STONE) issues arms to the Squire (NIGEL BRUCE), Jim (JACKIE COOPER), and Dr. Livesey (OTTO KRUGER).*

"TREASURE ISLAND" FILMED: BEERY, BARRYMORE,

AND COOPER IN STEVENSON'S GREAT STORY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein is the author of two novels, "The Pleasure Lover" and "Terence in Love," which achieved the critical recognition, but not the popular success, that they deserved. They were curious, rather disturbing books about curious, very unpleasant people who lived in a sort of twilit No Man's Land dividing Suburbia from the criminal world. I always wondered whether such people existed in real life or only in Mr. Meyerstein's imagination. They were certainly real enough to him. He knew every thought, every felonious little plan hatched by their mean, ingenious minds. And he made us share his conviction; I can still remember, in fact I can almost smell, the acrid, pungent odour of Terence's personality. From his tenderest years he was a rogue, with no redeeming qualities except audacity and a certain charm; yet he fascinates us as we watch him stealthily compassing his ends, being fondled by amorous middle-aged ladies in suburban drawing-rooms and double-crossing his dubious companions in unused, lonely sheds. He is a real creation, and I, for one, have awaited impatiently for several years to see what fate Mr. Meyerstein has in store for him.

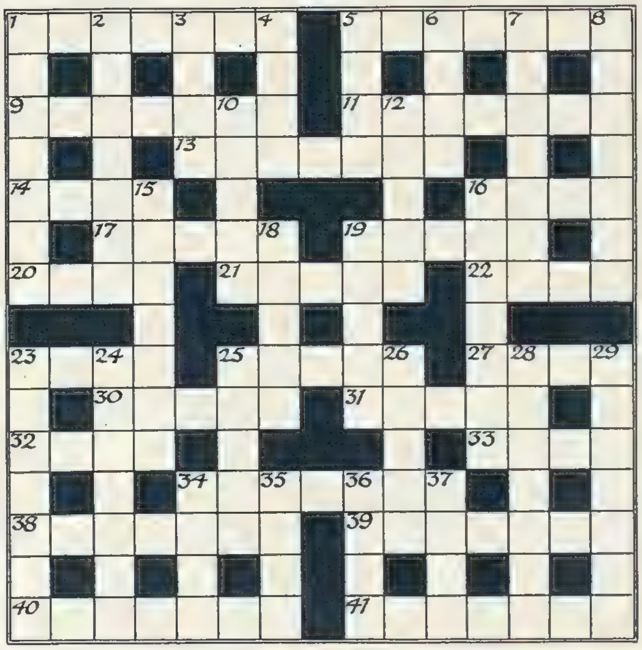
"The Pageant." He makes no appearance in the short stories collected in "The Pageant," though many of them deal with situations that he would have found congenial, if not exactly profitable. Terence was essentially a practical man; he would not have been dissuaded from murdering his mother because she looked at him with a fixed, idiotic smile. He would have despised this nervous weakness in Ernie, who suffered so acutely from the meaningless expansion of his mother's features. And he might not have taken part in the ceremony of burning the little birds, which makes the horrible central incident of "The Bullfinch"; he would have thought there was no money in it, as indeed there was not. Most of the stories in "The Pageant" are concerned with unpractical, neurotic types and with situations that hover between the farcical and the horrible. "Warm-Heart" and "Squirrel" are exceptions; in them, almost wonderingly, Mr. Meyerstein portrays two extremely favourable specimens of the human race. Nor will one readily forget the maid-servant in "The Magenta Tie," a touching and lovely portrait, victim of cruel circumstances and an even crueller mistress. In "Cham," a kind of female Terence, companion and bloodsucker to a rich old lady, is unexpectedly routed; but Mr. Meyerstein, as always, shuns probability in so far as it implies realism, and makes the liberated spinster bequeath the sympathetic narrator her stuffed Pekingese.

A Grim Entertainment. Mr. Meyerstein likes to have his joke, often fantastic, nearly always grim. His stories are completely original; they have no affinity with anything written to-day, and though they belong to the school of Edgar Allan Poe, inasmuch as they explore states of mind akin to insanity, their debt to him is of the slightest. Most contemporary novelists are in search of the ordinary—or if not the ordinary, the universal, a common type of experience in which every reader can see his own mirrored. Mr. Meyerstein's conception of the function of fiction is the reverse of this. He means it to be an entertainment, an entertainment of the highest artistic quality, but one in which the puppets, and even the showman, belong to a different world from the reader's. Ring up the curtain—and you will see what you will see: a spectacle conceived and conducted by a virtuoso, macabre, stylized, imaginative, ironical, recalling ordinary life no more than the dressed crab on one's plate recalls the crustacean moving on the sea's floor. I wish I could give a more vivid impression of these distinguished and haunting stories, a closer definition of the odd angle at which they stand to reality. They are beautifully written, with clear, sharp outlines. They contain incredible situations which, oddly enough, reveal profound psychological insight. They are (it is easier to describe them negatively) as unlike, say, the work of Katherine Mansfield as one good short story can be unlike another. They are a little theatrical in conception, a little rigid in execution—small faults, when we take into account their imaginative power and their effortless originality.

"Tom Tiddler's Ground." I greatly admired Mr. Edward Shanks's last book, "The Enchanted Village," and turned eagerly to "Tom Tiddler's Ground." But I was disappointed. The enchantment cannot stay the course; it evaporates long before Tom Florey reaches the third decade of the twentieth century. If he had been a more, or a less, sympathetic character, his company would, I think, have worn better. Put briefly, his career was this. A promising lad, the son of a Cornish innkeeper, he made his way (through the kind offices of a schoolmaster) from humble beginnings to an important administrative post in the League of British Exporters. He lived for a time (before the war) in Germany. He made many friends both there and in England, for people were quick to like him, in spite of his tendency to sulkiness. He fell in love more than once, and eventually married Isabel, the widow

[Continued on page viii.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Star rising on fine nights.
5. It seems to take good specimens of the insect world to build up the science of wealth.
9. A rather early Victorian lady's name.
11. Joking perhaps, but the sting's in the tail.
13. Obvious remark by someone embracing Edward IV.
14. They don't care two hoots if you guess them or not.
16. U.S.A. State.
17. Sounds keen enough, but actually it's a bore.
19. Holiday to abandon.
20. There's only one kind that charges for drinks.
21. Get on about a far-away capital and you'll reach this star.
22. Would he become sore if he faced the London Pavilion?
23. Tie together and flog.
25. Total that may not exceed it.
27. Elastic interior in Italy.
30. A Greek slave.
31. O.T. character.
32. Looks black, and loss in it is enormous.
33. What a fat man may become if he loses his head on a race-course.
34. Of the peak.
38. Is it the final temptation that causes insolvency?
39. Here's a "Gordian" knot for you to unravel!
40. H.M., H.R.H., etc.
41. Used in harbours.

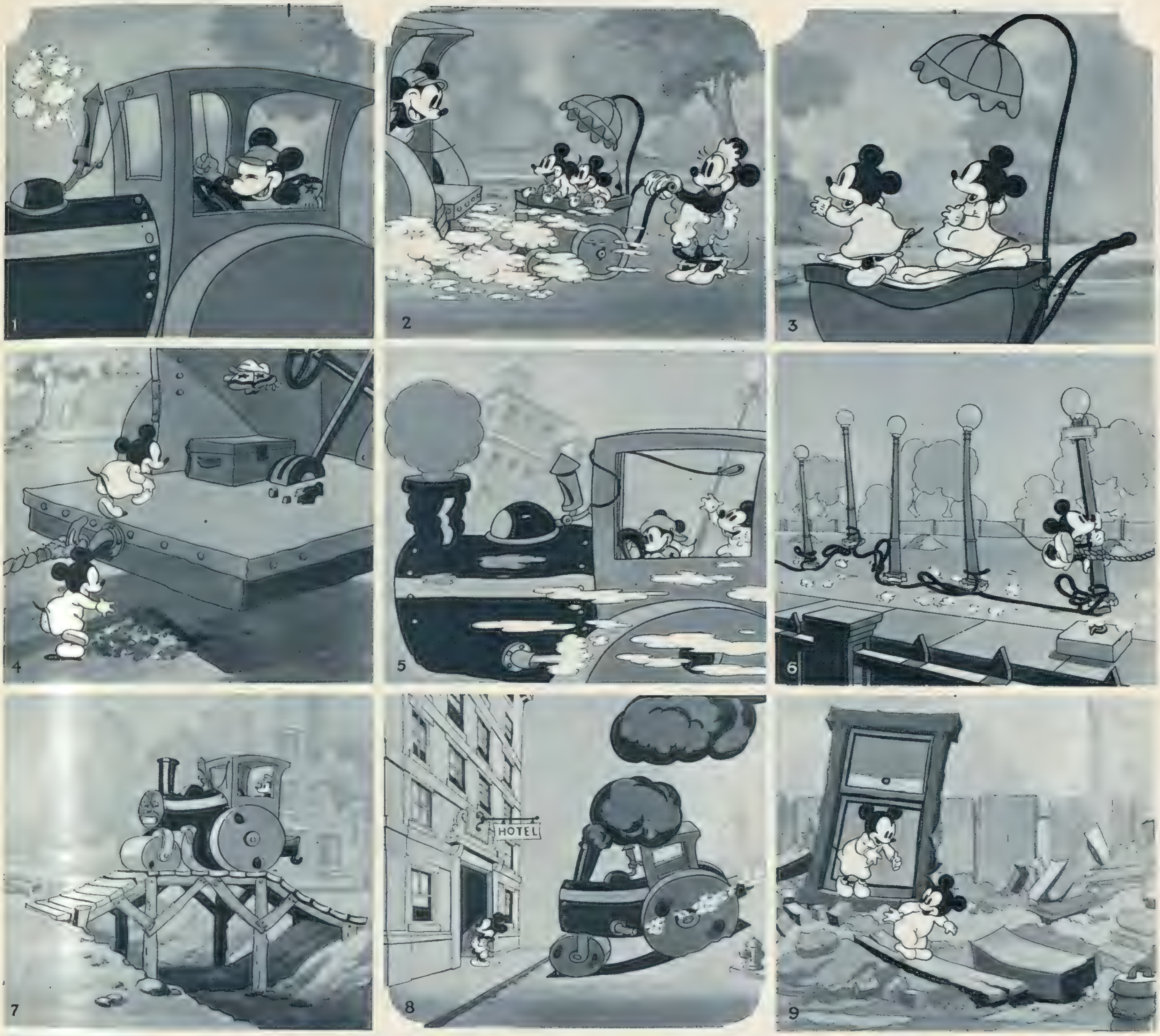
DOWN.

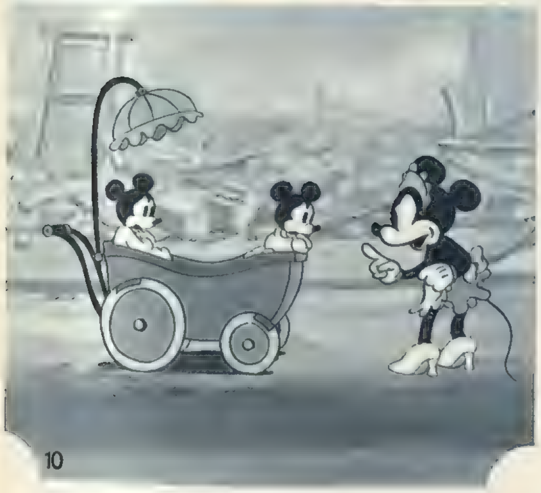
1. Strange that anything so vast should have a fluttering tail.
2. Startle in infantile form.
3. Sin is proverbially.
4. Hidden in "Isn't it Sam's idea that it will dye a really respectable violet tint."
5. South Sea Islands.
6. Egg-holder, perhaps.
7. You'll find this also therein.
8. Provide interest in little England and part of Scotland.
10. Should be a smelly river: odour emanates from it.
12. You can easily make sense of it.
15. Contains material for latches.
16. In one short month, Vera is found to play her part in an exaggerated manner.
18. Upright with a Mediterranean isle in sight.
19. French river.
23. Proverbially proud.
24. In a fishy way—it's more than half fish.
25. Judges are proverbially.
26. A very English way of spelling a great epic.
28. Exhibiting an exclamation in full swing.
29. One sort of number, for example, in Bury.
34. Don't do it at golf or to a horse.
35. The end of slavery.
36. Canonize this feature of South Africa to bring it into London.
37. "To——her is a liberal education." (Steele in *The Tatler*.)

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

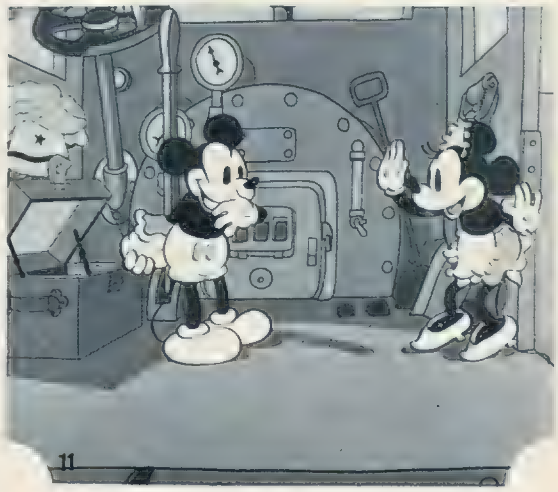
Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, August 20, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the bottom right-hand corner of page VI) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.





1. *MICKEY MOUSE appears as a steam-roller engineer in his latest picture, now showing.*
2. *MINNIE MOUSE is giving her nephews an airing when they meet Mickey.*
3. *While Mickey and Minnie are flirting, the NEPHEWS jump out of their "Baby Buggy."*
4. *The NEPHEWS board the steam-roller.*
5. *"She's off!" The MICE NEPHEWS open the throttle and the steam-roller takes the road.*
6. *MICKEY and MINNIE pursue the steam-roller.*
7. *MICKEY in the cabin of his famous steam-roller.*
8. *Though Mickey and Minnie start by chasing the steam-roller, it soon becomes the aggressor and chases them. Mickey is taking refuge in an hotel.*
9. *Here the NEPHEWS are in the wreckage of the hotel, knocked down by the roller.*
10. *MINNIE puts the MICE NEPHEWS back in their "Baby Buggy" when rescued from the ruins.*
11. *MICKEY is showing MINNIE his steam-roller.*



"MICKEY'S STEAM-ROLLER" TAKES TOLL OF THE ROAD.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

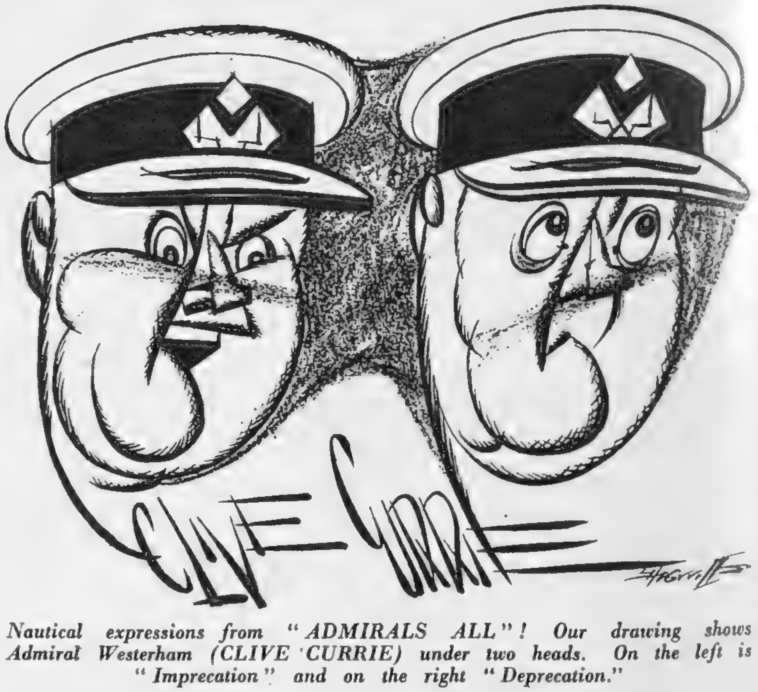
"ADMIRALS ALL," at the Shaftesbury. This Sherriffs drawing illustrates how Captain Knox (EDWARD HARBEN), of the rescue party, fails to recognise the Terror of the China Seas (CLIVE CURRIE) in the guise of a porter. The Admiral's subtle impression of the authentic Chinese walk helps to bewilder him!

FASHIONS in musical comedy heroes change with the times, and at the Saville we discover that the fairy Prince in "SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" earns his livelihood as a crooner. Surely that is an up-to-the-minute occupation, and it does not surprise us to find one of the scenes takes us into a gramophone salon. This lover is not of the fashion popular in the early years of the last century, when young ladies at boarding school, like Miss Rebecca Sharp and Miss Amelia Sedley, dreamed of one with the "dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft," but handsome, debonair and polite. He receives a "fan mail" and flies from the possessive attentions of a brigade of feminine admirers to a seaside hotel. Such is the penalty of fame, for Boyd Whitby, the crooner, by the aid of the microphone had become a gramophone Anacreon, pursued with invitations a Beau Brummel might have envied. Mr. Fred Conyngham displayed other accomplishments which prove the more fashions change the more they remain the same. He not only woos tunefully, he dances cleverly and he makes Boyd Whitby behave sufficiently gallantly and stupidly to provide an obvious story to string the show together. To escape his ecstatic admirers who follow, and incidentally supply an attractive chorus, he changes identity with his secretary, a simple, well-worn device, but good enough to permit Mr. Kenneth Kove, as the meek, long-suffering martyr, with an umbrella as the symbol of his unromantic self, to add the spice of inimitable drollery as he poses as the crooner; and affording the opportunity to spin a dual romance, which Miss Jean Colin decorates with song and graceful steps, and Miss Rita Page livens with sparkling fun. But the biggest rewards of this bright entertainment lie outside the plot; in the farcical interruptions of Miss Viola Tree and Mr. Reginald Purdell, which are extravagantly amusing in their burlesque absurdities, and in the scene occupied by the June Dancers. This troupe of ten highly accomplished girls, headed by Miss June Radbourne, bring a rhythm, a precision, and a spirit to their interpretations, in a setting of animated colour, effective costumes and picturesque design, that captured the audience. This team at the Saville is brimful of talent. Wit and beauty flash in gay sequence on its stage, and once it has settled down "She Shall Have Music" will lightly and brightly entertain its public "wherever she goes."

"Admirals don't care, either!" might be one of the mottoes of "ADMIRALS ALL." Admiral Westerham (CLIVE CURRIE; centre) being set to menial tasks by the banditti, indicates that Dingle (AUBREY MATHER; right) impressively disguised, is the real Admiral. Ping-Hi (JACK HOBBS; left), the Bandit Chief, doesn't care a yen.

Marching with the times, we not only have a film star as the heroine in the "amphibious adventure" at the Shaftesbury, but Miss Laura La Plante comes from screen to stage to play the part with attractive charm. The happy collaboration of Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall has already established a tradition, and "ADMIRALS ALL" is worthy of it. The philandering Admiral with an eye for every pretty girl is familiar, but none the less diverting when Mr. Clive Currie describes him. He gets into the most compromising situations, and the question is pointedly put by the Flag Lieutenant: "What will the Admiralty say? What will the House of Commons say?" Here he is with a film star in the hands of Chinese bandits. Mr. Geoffrey Sumner, enjoying the situation, improves on it by making the Flag Lieutenant's romance with the daughter of the American millionaire into a reality, and Miss Diana Beaumont plays the duet with him gracefully. Miss Ursula Hirst flits about as Prudence Wilkinson, with horn-rimmed glasses and a fishing-rod, making discomfiting catches, and in the offing is a meticulously exacting Captain, who knows and observes all the regulations. Mr. Edward Harben endowed him with the right rigidity, so that 'twixt the Admiralty at home and the Flag Captain of the China Squadron, the Admiral was between the devil and the deep sea. The coxswain comes to the rescue, and we see Mr. Aubrey Mather in epaulettes, while the Admiral scrubs. It is a truly comic situation and it piles up like Pelion on Ossa, till the Admiral has to pose as a bandit himself. But any indignity is suffered so long as the Fleet never know. The fun is all the more enjoyable because we know these are not genuine bandits but film actors, and Mr. Jack Hobbs neatly draws the portrait of the film actor's idea of a Bandit King. The film star who could find no hero for her picture, "Chinese White," discovers a film-lover, and a brain wave of Hollywood publicity creates a general situation that is continuously entertaining, and when it has gathered pace, for it lacks witty dialogue, it should not fail to please.

At the Open-Air Theatre we are back in the spacious Elizabethan days, but "ROMEO AND JULIET" is one of the least successful of the many lovely productions I have seen there. Tragedy loses too much in the open air, though Mr. Robert Atkins has done all that is possible to keep its action swiftly moving. It is handicapped here by a strangely ineffective Romeo, for Mr. Griffith Jones woos without that moving passion and wrecks too much of the structure of his lines in his anxiety to invest them with false subtleties. But Miss Margaretta Scott gives us a lovely Juliet—lovely to look upon and lovely in conception, for her Juliet is indeed ill-starred. Even with the handicaps of the open air, her performance, overcoming them, was genuinely moving. There is a fault she must guard against, that pulpit manner of speaking verse. She can give the line its music, but to intone is not as poetry should be delivered. I enjoyed the swift, mercurial Mercutio of Mr. Leslie French, the Benvolio of Mr. Hubert Gregg, and the Nurse of Miss Laura Smithson was acceptably done. A lovely evening in a lovely theatre, but the loveliness of the play did not get its full measure, partly through under-rehearsal, partly through ineffective casting, and partly through its unsuitability for open-air production. G. F. H.



Nautical expressions from "ADMIRALS ALL"! Our drawing shows Admiral Westerham (CLIVE CURRIE) under two heads. On the left is "Imprecation" and on the right "Deprecation."

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

TO the Plaza comes "KISS AND MAKE UP," a light-hearted production whose sole purpose is to amuse and whose moral seems to be "make up and don't kiss." It is the story of a Parisian beauty doctor who has achieved such perfection for one of his clients that he marries her, only to find that her life must needs be dedicated to the preservation of her looks. The romance of an ugly duckling of a secretary and the ex-husband lends support to the main theme. It is an uneven production, starting briskly on a note of burlesque, lapsing at times into realism, sporting a song or two when the wells of humour run dry, and finally concluding in a riot of slapstick comedy, with an unexpected *dénouement*. The film also suffers by the miscasting of Cary Grant as Dr. Lamar. Mr. Grant, who surely belongs to drama of the great open spaces, does not display the lightness of touch necessary to overcome the artificiality of the character. On the other hand, Edward Everett Horton gives, as usual, a delightful performance, adding point to every utterance, making each trivial action significant. Genevieve Tobin, as the acme of sophisticated femininity, and Helen Mack in strong contrast as a *gauche* young girl, complete a four-cornered "triangle."

A train thriller of the traditional type depends for the bulk of its effects on its illusion of projecting the spectator at hair-raising pace down steep mountain sides, through tunnels black as night, cavorting on the way with precipices, the whole producing the more enjoyable variety of syncope. None of this has been overlooked in "MURDER ON THE RUNAWAY TRAIN," which marks another "All Thrill" week at the Empire. Further, lest this should prove ineffectual in the production of cold shivers, the runaway train numbers among its passengers an escaped gorilla, while "clutching hands" and mysterious warnings are much in evidence. The why and wherefore of these occurrences are beyond the most inquisitive critic, but (like the *materfamilias* leading her recalcitrant family to the sea-side) films are for your enjoyment—so enjoy them you must! And there is plenty to enjoy in this story of a Los Angeles telephonist who finds that she is the long-lost daughter of a New York railroad magnate. Father east — daughter west. How to bring the two together is the problem of the picture, and only after some shattering thrills do their two trains meet. Mary Carlisle, who is rapidly improving both in looks and in acting ability, plays the blonde heiress very charmingly. She is ably supported by Una Merkel, who has one of her typical hard-boiled rôles; but it is Charles Ruggles as a "deflector," namely, one who deflects rather than detects crime, who steals the acting honours. His admirers will take infinite delight in this picture, and those who cannot will wonder at his effortless assumption of nit-wittery. Once again, a leavening of comedy brings a somewhat crude melodrama up to date.

John Loder in the dual rôles of Scotland Yard detective and petty thief sets an identity problem which should baffle the keenest filmgoer in "WARN LONDON," the second feature on the Empire programme. This is a British crook drama of the popular "blood-and-thunder" type—hearty, improbable, but with plenty of action and uncertainty to make up for its defects.

The spinster in her thirties has always attracted novelists and dramatists. Her "problem" has provided first-rate copy for the hack writers as well as for the giants. O'Neill, in his tragedy "Wasted," showed us the uglier side of repression, but his study of thwarted instinct had a certain dignity which to some extent alleviated its unpleasantness. "Autumn Crocus" gave us an emotional treatment of the subject which, by its popularity, showed the public taste. For the cheap novelist the spinster is the easiest short cut to his readers' emotions: more withers are wrung by this device than by any other hokum. That is not to deny that there is room for a dignified film treatment of this theme. "A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES" does not supply the deficit. This "simple story of a brave woman" starts well enough with the hard Jewish business woman who adopts the down-at-heel seaman Tim, takes him into her home and ultimately marries him. It descends into a sea of bathos, however, when the fulfilled spinster allows her sentiment to creep into her business life, takes to giving expensive fur coats away cheaply to customers, and adopting her husband's stray children. The credit for any dignity that remains must belong to Aline MacMahon, who all but rescues the film with her tremendously forceful and finely ascetic performance. All her scenes are informed by a quiet sincerity which lifts them above the level of the scenario, and places her interpretation as one of the best things of the year. Miss MacMahon has long been known as a superior player, but with this film she takes her rightful position alongside the very few Hollywood actresses who understand the serious demands of their art.

B. T.

MISS LAURA LA PLANTE takes the rôle of Gloria Gunn, the fastidious film star. Her charm acts equally on the boards and on the silver screen.

The Speechless Service is the title of this impression from "Admirals All." Admiral Westerham (CLIVE CURRIE; left centre), with Petty Officer Dingle (AUBREY MATHER; centre) and Stephen Langham, the Flag Officer (GEOFFREY SUMNER; centre right) are captured by Chinese bandits. Ho Fong (FRED BURTWELL; right) finds the silent service very silent indeed. P.O. Dingle has been surprised asleep in his hammock—caught literally napping.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. VI: NORMA SHEARER.

NORMA SHEARER is perpetually in the pink, her skin of an immaculate flawlessness, poreless, with a high marble sheen on it, her cheeks have a peachy glow, her whole face so clean that you could eat off it. Her teeth are shinier than advertisement sets and her hair rich nut brown and so well brushed that it has a satin surface. She has been at this hard cinematograph work for many years and you are amazed that anyone could come through the rigours of studio panics so unscathed and immaculate. Miss Shearer has a capacity for remaining unruffled through the greatest ructions, and a wonderful sense of self-preservation; no matter how behind schedule is the picture on which she is working, she has many intervals for rest and sleep and refuses to be seen except when on the top of her form. She downs tools and discontinues working if she has a slight headache, hence the faultless creaminess of her close-ups and the fact that she has been a success longer than most screen actresses, whose average life of stardom seldom exceeds four years.

When you know Norma Shearer as a screen personality, you will be surprised that, in life, she, like Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Janet Gaynor, Ramon Navarro, Pola Negri, and a host of others, is only half the height you had imagined and, like the others, her body is so slightly proportioned that her head looks large in comparison (this effect is exaggerated by the fact that she wears her hair so full at the crown of her head). You are surprised that her eyes have a blind look that you feel must be only temporary or for your especial benefit, but you watch and watch and this look only disappears in still photographs and when she is made up on the screen with her very blue, rather small, currant eyes elongated with pencil and mascara. You are accustomed to see her lips painted much fuller than they are by nature; her profile is like that of a classical bust of the 'nineties, but her stocky hands belie the grace of her profile. She is an "all-weather" Venus, a sport, not a bit pampered, or exotic; can stick on a frisky horse, is good at golf, a very useful partner on the tennis court and, when it comes to putting on a bathing cap and costume, she can put up a very creditable, not to say spectacular, performance from the diving board. She is even irritatingly competent, and with success has acquired assurance, and her innate nervousness and shyness is overcome by a barrage of giggling and smartish backchat, like the hostess in a drawing-room comedy who has a few bright words for everybody; she has not the gift of silence. In every detail she is the successful film actress, and obviously this is the reason for so conventional a woman appearing in the fantastic clothes she does, for often Adrian, the brilliant Metro-Goldwyn designer, sends her out dressed as for a bet, and Miss Shearer, reckoning it as part of the profession she has chosen, will go the whole hog in order to be of a higher market value. Even if it is necessary to become a vamp with lowcut back and a seductive lock falling over one eye, and all the rest of the ridiculous, shop-worn paraphernalia, she will enter into the spirit of it all with complete abandon, although, in reality, her life is a radiant advertisement for domesticated happiness. She dotes upon her husband, Mr. Irving Thalberg, whose interests she furthers in every way, and he hers. She is deeply maternal, hard-working, calculating, extremely level-headed and a thoroughly efficient housekeeper. Her success and her failure is that she has little sense of fantasy, imagination or originality, and she has played her cards so well that she is now secure—the doting wife of the leading spirit of the executive staff of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company—so that, as long as she wishes, she can play leading rôles and be confident that she will be given of all that is best in stories, directors, camera-men, and the hundred other aids that go to manufacture a successful screen personality.

MISS NORMA SHEARER, who is the subject of Mr. Cecil Beaton's "Personal Portrait" this week, is Mrs. Irving Thalberg, and, as Mr. Beaton says in his article, "Her life is a radiant advertisement for domesticated happiness." Norma Shearer has held a position in the first rank of film stars for some considerable time now. Her first hit was when acting opposite to John Gilbert in "He Who Gets Slapped," and she has starred in many pictures, including "Smiling Through," "Private Lives," and "A Free Soul." She is now at work on "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the picture based on Rudolf Besier's famous play, in which she is Elizabeth Barrett. She has never acted in any films other than those of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Away from the studio her life is equally full. There is always a lot of ordering to be done for dinner, much attention must be paid to her husband's relations, and all visiting "firemen" are entertained on arrival in Hollywood by the Thalbergs, whose homestead has become the successor to Pickfair since the Fairbanks have separated. There is always a lot of telephoning to know whether or not (in this community where people seldom change for dinner) white ties are to be worn to-night—and they usually are. On the place-cards are the names of the most respectable members of the film company, all received, on arrival, by Mrs. Thalberg, with the social giggles and graces of Mrs. Cheyney herself. Little would one imagine that this conventional company playing bridge and backgammon at midnight would, six hours later, become dispersed so diversely. Some in two wigs and false eyebrows, becoming a Marx brother or two, another the Dubarry, another San Francisco's worst woman, another a tough director, shouting down a megaphone, and the hostess herself is there as Marie Antoinette. After an appalling day in the heat of the arcs, this mistress of organisation will beetle off to the sleeping car, *en route* for a week-end on Mr. Hearst's ranch, to find her crêpe-de-chine sheets and monogrammed night-gown spread in delicate readiness for her eight hours of uninterrupted repose.

MISS NORMA SHEARER, who is the subject of the sixth of Mr. Cecil Beaton's "Personal Portraits of Film Stars," is a most unusual personality among screen stars. In discussing her talents and her character, Mr. Beaton says: "She is deeply maternal, hard working, calculating, extremely level-headed, and a thoroughly efficient housekeeper." "She is an 'all-weather Venus,'" he adds, "a sport, not a bit pampered, or exotic." Her screen successes are numerous, and she is the Elizabeth Barrett Browning of the screen version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," now being made. Her husband is Mr. Irving Thalberg, a leading spirit of the executive staff of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and she is ideally happy in her domestic life.

EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPER AND STAR: MISS NORMA SHEARER

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

BANK HOLIDAY week-end found me at a lovely Tudor house, full of charming people and happy memories, in the close neighbourhood of Sandwich. But it was for cricket—the cricket of Canterbury week that I was there and not for golf. Yet golf none the less obtruded itself. It was on the Saturday, and two American visitors, one of whom was Dwight Davis, the distinguished donor of the Davis Cup, had been brought over to see a game of cricket in an interval between sampling the delights of Princes and Royal St. Georges. It is a curious thing that, although I have many times watched cricket with Americans, never once has the play been other than soporifically slow; so slow that these visitors from a country where hurry and action is the essence of everyday life, have always left with the conviction that cricket and tedium were the same words. On this particular occasion such an estimate was fully justified, and Dwight Davis and his friend departed, thinking, I feel sure, that golf was a race compared to our national game. Yet the very next day there were so many people at Royal St. Georges that a round took nearly four hours; almost as slow, that is, as a round of North Berwick can be in the season—now arrived.

A Visit to Princes.

I did not go to St. George's but to Princes, to pay a belated visit to Captain Baird and to see how the links over which he presides had resisted the drought. I found the putting greens which can be, and are, watered, as green as green could be, and the fairways, though brown, thick with typical sea-side grass, fine and hard-wearing, that the first steady rain will colour once again. Looking over the fence on to the thirteenth green at St. George's, one of the few links that have water laid on to the fairways and so can laugh at droughts, I saw a figure in the distance play a shot that had the hall-mark of skill. Looking closer, I found the figure was that of Tony Torrance. Turning back to glance at the home hole of Princes, I was just in time to see another real golfing shot flying up towards the hole only to kick down the bank into a bunker. This time the player was a lady who turned out to be none other than Miss Pam Barton, the Lady Champion of France. So I watched her deal with that bunker shot, feeling sure from what I had seen at Royal Porthcawl earlier in the year that it would repay me. Sure enough, out came the ball straight and firmly played to pull up within holing distance, and once again I could not help realising how catholic a game golf had become, for here within a few miles of where a historic cricket week was being celebrated upon a historic ground, two pillars of golf were enjoying a game, each over a famous links, and almost surely without a thought of the other event.

The engagement of MLLE. ALINE DE GUNZBOURG, the well-known golfer, who holds the French Ladies' Close Championship, to M. ANDRÉ STRAUSS was announced recently in Paris. She and her fiancé are here seen at North Berwick, where the de Gunzbourgs are very well known.

LADY ELLEN LAMBART (right) sister of the Earl of Cavan, is a North Berwick "regular." She is here seen going out to play against MISS BARBARA STEELE.

The HON. DAVID and MRS. HELY-HUTCHISON are recent arrivals at North Berwick, where they posed with Nell, the dog. Mr. Hely-Hutchison is Lord Donoughmore's younger son.

The Prince of Wales's Cup.

Captain Baird gave me an interesting piece of news. This year the Prince of Wales's Cup will be played for over 72 holes instead of as formerly over 36. The days chosen for this annual competition in aid of the Kent Playing Fields Fund are Saturday and Sunday, September 29 and 30—a very happy circumstance, for it follows hard on the heels of the Autumn Medal of the Royal and Ancient Club, but at sufficient interval to enable the illustrious company that is sure to have gathered in Fife to support Bernard Darwin at the beginning of his year of captaincy to compete in this other important fixture. For it there is sure to be a big entry, for the handicap qualification has been raised to six, and Captain Baird has collected the names of a thousand players eligible on this basis. There will be four sweeps of 5s., one on the aggregate and one on the lowest round, both scratch and handicap. I hope there may be a record entry, for it is always a joy to play over Princes, and surely there is no more pleasant a way to help an undertaking the importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

A Question of Scores.

And now to justify my earlier remark that golf is constant as a topic of conversation. Time was when the idea of discussing this "gadfly game" during the course of a cricket match would have been accounted sacrilege. Yet, while I was absorbed in watching "Tich" Freeman and "Father" Marriott puzzling the Somerset batsmen, my companion, an old and experienced cricketer, suddenly informed me that he was going to acquire a set of graded clubs but limited in number, and then insisted on rhapsodising on Cotton's record rounds in the Open Championships, which he had seen. Continuing, he drew my attention to the way scores were getting lower and lower, and added that he could not understand why so many old-fashioned golfers objected to courses being now holed as often in the 60's as a few years ago they were in the 70's. I refused resolutely to be drawn into a discussion, for Freeman and Marriott and Chapman at forward point were my immediate interests, but later I remembered my friend's words. For the life of me I cannot see the objection to low scores. Every year the quality of the implements with which golf is played and the courses over which it is played, improve. That the actual play should also improve and lower scores be done is surely only logical. Anyhow, they are being done every day—at Lakeview, in the Canadian Open, where Walter Hagen did a 66, and Tommy Armour, the winner, a 69; at Gullane, where three amateurs, Graham, Anderson and Grant by name, tied for the Lord Haldane Cup with 69, for instance, as recent examples. And the more the merrier, say I.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News; Every Friday.

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M & C

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"WHAT annoys me about you Stock Exchange people," said She, a trifle tartly, "is the way you take it for granted that everyone knows as much about stocks and shares as you do yourselves."

"That 's 'just it," agreed She the Second. "Maddening, aren't they, with their three-sixteenths, and their eighths and quarters. Why can't they say one-and-eleven, or two-and-six-three—something we can all understand."

"Drapery prices," scoffed The Broker.

"What do you think he told a cousin of mine last night on the telephone? We were having dinner, and my cousin rang up——"

"A playful way he has; so good for the digestion," The Broker commented.

"He asked me to get a price, and I stood by while my husband answered. And he said—I wrote it down at the time—he said the price was clothes over his head."

"Clothes over his —— what *do* you mean?" her husband demanded. "Clothes —— Oh, I know!"

He chuckled like a two-year-old.

The Jobber was looking completely mystified.

"I said close-over-an-eighth," and both the House men laughed as heartily as politeness permitted. "Close-over-an-eighth, my dear," he explained, "is two and ninepence three farthings. Everyone knows that."

"Who 's talking in drapery prices now, may I ask? And if everyone knows it, you are wrong in telling me I am everybody, because *I* didn't know it."

"Neither did I," declared She the Second. "Why can't you be a little more explicit when you do Stock Exchange business for us?"

"I 'll try to be," The Broker promised. "It has never occurred to me before, but I dare say we do seem rather technical at times."

"I shall come into the Stock Exchange and see how you carry on your business."

"Do. We would love to see you. Won't you both come?"

"Are there pictures on the walls — of distinguished members?"

"Only in the Committee Room."

"Stained glass windows?"

"No; that 's the Baltic. We don't compete."

"Well, beautiful paintings?"

"Now you 're thinking of the Royal Exchange. Plenty of them there. Our Managers won't allow pictures. At least, not for more than a day. Every decoration is removed from the walls at night."

"Not every decoration," The Jobber amended. "How about those pictures from *The Sketch*, pasted up in the Colonial market? They 've been there for weeks."

"Ah, yes, I 'd forgotten those. They would have come down if they hadn't been pasted. They will have to take down the Stock Exchange before they can move those *Sketch* pictures. There 's a new one goes up every week."

"I counted thirty-three the other day. There ought to be some in the oil market; goodness knows it could do with a bit of brightening up."

"They haven't got a wall there," The Jobber remarked. "No; the rubber market 's the place. More wall-space all the way round."

"I wish rubber shares would brighten up, as you call it," said She. "My poor old rubber shares! They never go up a penny."

"Why, they rose quite threepence in that May boomlet we had——"

"Yes, but they 've gone back fourpence a yard—a share, I mean—and well, what 's going to be the end of my Company? I want dividends."

"Then you had better change into something else," advised The City Editor, who, up to this time, has kept discreet silence.

"You think so?" said She, hopefully. "Then you are——" she turned to and on her husband, "That 's just what I say. You never tell me anything. And this nice, kind young gentleman——"

The City Editor coloured like a coral.

"—— gives me a really practical hint which will bring me in dividends again, and —— What do you think I ought to buy?" she asked him.

"That 's torn it," The Jobber consoled him, while The Broker waited with uncanny calmness for the answer.

"Well, you see," The City Editor began, "it isn't much use my——. What I mean to say is, that in a narrow market like that for rubber shares—— In a way, you must take what is offered, when you see a good chance."

"That 's lucid enough," said She the Second, not too helpfully.

"Yes, I understand that, of course," was the other lady's mendacious reply, "but how do you find out what *is* offered, in order that one can buy it?"

"You have to consult your broker for that. Your husband 's a broker, you know."

"He might just as well be an Egyptian Sphinx for all the help I ever get from him in Stock Exchange matters. No; I see what it is. You men like to keep these things in your own hands, and when a woman wants advice about stocks and shares, she is sent from pillar to post——"

"Come on, postman. Give the lady a chance to change dud rubber shares into dividend-payers."

"Rubber Trusts, Anglo-Dutch——"

"Anglo-Dutch don't pay dividends . . . yet."

"They will. How about Harrisons and Crosfield deferred?"

"You 're the Enquiry Department, not me. Splendid shares, of course, and a dead certainty if you hang on to them."

"What does the 'dead' refer to?" asked She. "Am I the certainty that will be dead, or——"

"May the Queen live for ever! I say that Harrisons and Crosfield deferred shares are a dead certainty for a rise in price, sooner or later."

"You are not quite so encouraging as I thought you were going to be," She said, with devastating candour.

"Try them with mining shares, dear," suggested She the Second, as though they were Gran'pops who might be cajoled with nuts even if they contemned apples.

"Ah, how about mining shares?" She beamed. "Surely there are opportunities which ——"

" . . . taken at the flood," her husband interrupted, "lead on to misfortune."

"Miss Fortune missed me," said The Jobber. "Oh, please smile a little! I know it 's very feeble, but I really do mean it. By rights, I should have made a fortune and retired, long ago——"

"So should he," said She.

"So would he," her husband laughed, "if his wife hadn't mistaken him for a gold-mine and insisted upon picking out its eyes. All the same, gold shares haven't done us too badly, you know."

"My dividends seem to be a long time in coming."

"The South African companies are paying in the middle of the month. What are you going to spend your dividends on?"

"Spend them on? Why, I did that ages ago. He"— and She nodded across to her husband— "told me to get in a few frocks——"

"Two frocks, I said. Two only."

"You would give me two dozen, dear, if I wanted them," she replied sweetly, "because he said we ought to do some good in the world with our profits instead of hoarding them up. That 's the real reason why my dividends are gone already."

"Do some good in the world?" repeated The City Editor. "How do you mean?"

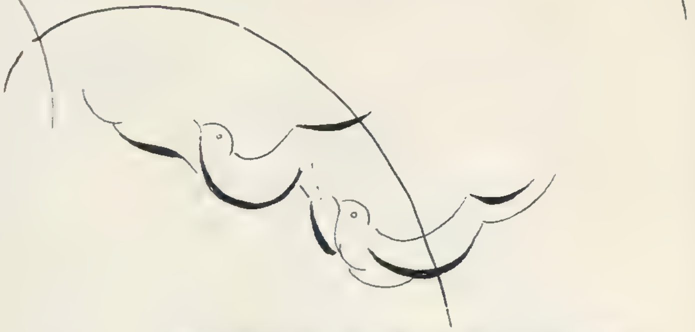
"Some good to the people who make the clothes, and to others who sell them, and to others who deliver them, and—oh! lots of people you can help in that way, you know."

The Jobber had been watching his wife rather anxiously during her sister's exposition. He felt relieved to notice how absorbed she was in studying the crossword puzzle. But how was he to know that, all unconsciously, she was holding it upside down?

Friday, August 10, 1934.

Men who direct the Railways are Fred May's caricature victims this week! MR. WILLIAM WHITELAW is the Chairman of the L.N.E.R. and the Forth Bridge Railway Company. SIR HERBERT WALKER, K.C.B., is the General Manager of the Southern Railway. SIR ROBERT HORNE, G.B.E., is a Director of the Great Western Railway. SIR JOSIAH STAMP, G.B.E., is Chairman (and President of the Executive) of the L.M.S. SIR RALPH L. WEDGWOOD, C.B., C.M.G., is Chief General Manager of the L.N.E.R.

TRAVEL — but do it beautifully



Travelling is so much second nature to the women of to-day that they demand the highest efficiency in all that pertains to their comfort and to the simplification of packing. They fly to Paris or to the South of France — they arrive looking as soignee as though they had just left their boudoir—and within half an hour they are out with their friends, fresh as a flower.

How is it done? . . . Well, the neat little blue grained case on the left holds their secret. It is an Innoxa Touring Outfit de Luxe, and it contains everything that is needed for either a dry or a greasy skin, all exquisitely packed and arranged. It costs 37s. 6d. and has an expanding tray, an excellent mirror, and — most important! — a lock and key.

The Innoxa Duet de Luxe fulfils a long-felt need, for it contains two shades of powder—one for the day and the other for the evening—in a blue grained case. It costs only 6s. 6d., and any two of twelve shades may be chosen. Innoxa have just brought out two fascinating new tones of powder — Aprella and Pereena — both suntan colours for the holiday season. Each has a matching Foundation Lotion—and thus equipped the most vivid light need not be feared.

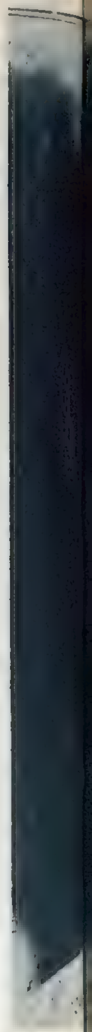
To really bring out all the hidden loveliness of the complexion, and to be certain that one is using the preparations that are best for it, one should have a treatment in the Innoxa salons at 38, Old Bond Street, W. Here they specialise in giving treatments which make the skin perfect, for they believe in disguise only when it is temporarily necessary, and not as an end in itself. They give advice about diet, they explain carefully how one's own beauty culture should be carried on at home, they believe in using as few lotions and creams as possible—and they are experts at make-up.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Murray Britton

SCAIONI



WHITE BIRDS

Emblems of Autumn

A white bird—emblem on this occasion not of peace or purity, but of the Autumn, since it is a most important fashion note—is laid flatly on this black felt béret, accenting its forward tilt and its extreme shallowness. It is folded softly across the back, revealing the hair.

The unbroken line from the back of the brim to the top of the crown is noteworthy in this Reboux hat of black felt. A variation of the Sailor, it is lined with satin and is trimmed with a ribbon threaded through stitched ears. Both these models come from Harvey Nichols.

Long haired, silky beaver, in its natural colour, and very reminiscent of the days of our youth, is used by Molyneux for the hat on the left. Its rather ecclesiastical air is heightened by the cord, knotted in front, and the triangular insets on the crown and brim show the reverse side. Not difficult to wear, it will be extremely chic with the collarless coats and the faultlessly tailored suits and frocks of the Autumn.

SCAIONI

THE OLD - FASHIONED COACHMAN'S BEAVER

The triumph of the tricorne is causing great excitement in the millinery world, but it certainly is not surprising when one looks at the Le Monnier model on the right. Could anything be more entrancing? Once again heavy cords are the sole decoration, though this time they end in a tassel which swings against the cheek. And once again beaver is used—a little more sleek, and in black. Harrods have both these hats and a host of others, new, gay, infinitely varied, and most beguiling.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

WRITING in *The Sketch* recently, I quoted the Humber Snipe as being Britain's reply to the challenge from America in the medium-priced, high-powered car class. I have since had the opportunity of trying the Humber Snipe "80" Sports Saloon on the road over a considerable mileage, which has served to confirm the already high opinion I had of this magnificent car. I use the word "magnificent" advisedly, although some may say that it is an exaggeration so to describe a car costing but £550. Yet there is something so fine about the appearance and performance of this car, especially when its price is considered, that the adjective is permissible.

I do not quite know why it is called the Snipe "80." Perhaps the figures refer to the power output in B.H.P. of the engine, or perhaps they refer to the maximum speed of the car. In either case they would be fairly apt. Timed over the ½-mile at Brooklands, the Snipe shows itself capable of very slightly under 79 m.p.h. It is possible that under slightly different weather conditions the carburation might be improved to the extent of enabling the car to exceed the round figure of 80 m.p.h. However, whether the car can do 75 m.p.h. or 85 m.p.h. as an every-day performance does not, to my mind, matter very much. What does matter is that this car accelerates like lightning up to a very easy cruising speed of a mile-a-minute, so that on a long cross-country journey with many bends and corners, and a good few stiff climbs, it puts up a better average speed than almost any other car, particularly when the roominess and comfort of the sports saloon body are taken into account.

A striking photograph of the HUMBER CAR which is described in the article on this page.

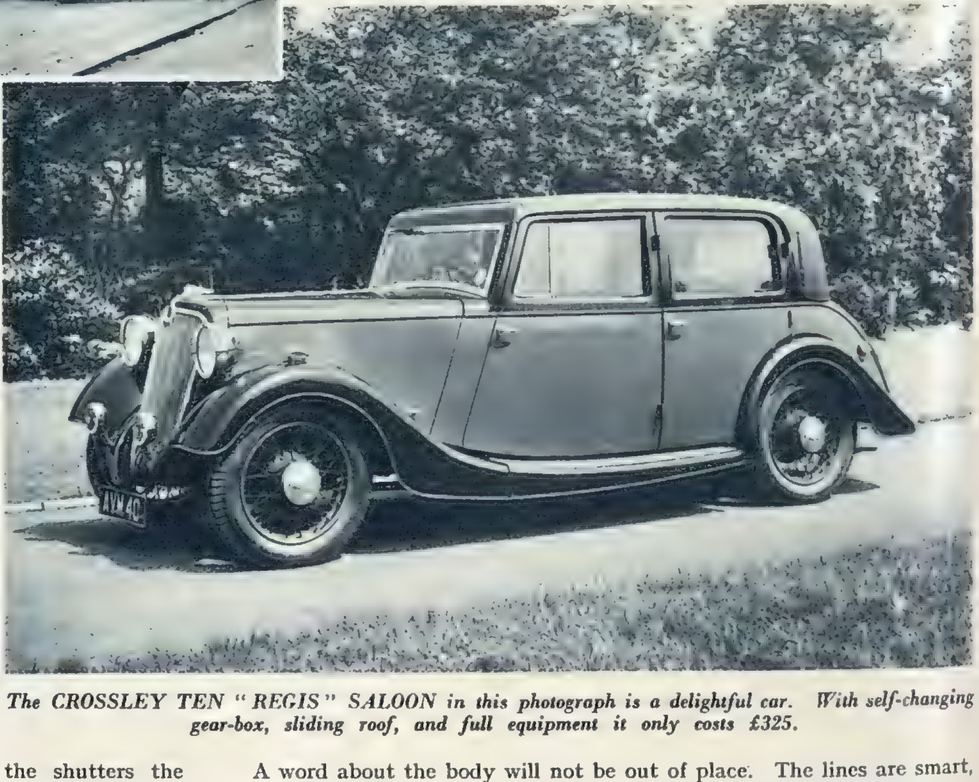
From the outset the Snipe "80" impresses one favourably. There is a very neat control to the choke which is quite automatic and which absolutely prevents any "messing about" by a perhaps not-too-expert owner. The extent to which the strangler is used for starting depends entirely on the temperature under the bonnet. Thus on a cold day the carburetter is choked much more than on a warm day, and so on. Furthermore, the radiator shutters are thermostatically controlled, so that they are always opened to just the right extent to ensure the engine being run at its most efficient and economical temperature. What is more, and I think that the Humber is at present the only British car with such an admirable fitting, a special oil-controlled valve over-rides the thermostat control and closes the shutters the moment the engine is stopped. Thus, if you park the car on a cold day, the shutters close with a snap and keep everything nice and warm under the bonnet. If it were not for this control the shutters would merely close slowly as the water cooled, thus wasting valuable heat. Anyhow, the point is that one settles down behind the wheel, turns the ignition switch and the engine starts instantly, by the automatic Startix device.

The clutch is very smooth indeed and the engine, thanks to the patent "cushioned power" mounting, remains completely vibrationless. Getting away from rest and using the gear-box, you can, if you wish, reach 60 m.p.h. in the amazing time of only 17 2-5 seconds. On top gear the car will accelerate from 10 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. in well under 10 seconds, so that the person who likes to drive "American style," staying in "top" all the time, will still obtain a very snappy performance. On the other hand, there is no earthly reason why the gears should not be used to the full for climbing a hill "just that extra bit" faster, or getting away like a flash when the traffic-lights change from yellow to green. The synchromesh silent easy-change gear makes lightning and fool-proof changes possible from second to third and third to top, while when the free-wheel is in use—a state of affairs that is achieved simply by pushing in a knob on the right-hand side of the dash—you can change up or down absolutely noiselessly at any sort of speed from any gear to any other gear.

The really extraordinary steadiness of the car at all speeds is one of its most impressive features. Indeed, there are very few cars which hold the road better. The springing, controlled by thermostatically-governed shock absorbers, is extremely good and has the delightful quality of being firm at high speeds and soft and comfortable at a crawl. The result is that you can go flying down a long hill, with the speedometer between the 80 and 90 marks, more or less careless of what the road surface may be. Main-road bends which are open to view can be taken easily at speeds up to 70 m.p.h. or more, the steering being rock-steady, with just the right degree of self-centring action. The steering, indeed, is one of the best features of this truly excellent car, for no matter how fast a bend be taken, no conscious effort is called for, and the driver never feels that he is having to "lift" the car round the corner.

Up long main-road hills the Humber Snipe really gets into its stride, overtaking cars with a less brilliant performance time after time. The performance of the Snipe, which is capable, incidentally, of getting on for 60 m.p.h. on third, has not been allowed to serve as an excuse for noisy running. Despite the high power output of the engine, the Snipe remains quiet and smooth throughout its range. It is only at very high speeds that a pleasant, subdued murmur from the engine gives one the impression that it is really "getting on with the job."

In spite of its roominess—the car has a 10 ft. 4 in. wheelbase and a track of 4 ft. 9 in.—it has a turning circle of only 41 ft. diameter and so is easily turned and parked in congested areas. The brakes are very good indeed, being immensely powerful, yet absolutely smooth. The steadiness when braking from high speeds is to some extent attributable to the radius-arms which locate the front axle. Anyhow, the Snipe "80" is not the sort of car in which one need feel any anxiety when an emergency compels a sudden stoppage in the shortest possible distance.



The CROSSLEY TEN "REGIS" SALOON in this photograph is a delightful car. With self-changing gear-box, sliding roof, and full equipment it only costs £325.

A word about the body will not be out of place. The lines are smart, elegant, yet restrained. The back squabs come up very high, giving the fullest possible support to the shoulders, while the upholstery is extremely soft, yet provides the maximum possible support. There is a large locker for luggage at the rear. The mudguarding is good and the coachwork free from rattles. Incidentally, during my test I had occasion to run through a veritable deluge, but not a drop of water entered the body. The tax on the Humber Snipe "80" is only £24 now and will be reduced to £18 as from next January. As the fuel consumption, even when driving fast, is about 17 m.p.g., the oil consumption practically nil, and the price of the complete car only £550, it will be appreciated that it is expensive neither to buy nor to maintain.

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Wrap-over Velvet Tea Gown (above) with elegant new gauged sleeve and gracefully draped bodice, finished rosette, slim hip-line and slight train at back. In good colours. — 6½ GNS.

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A Useful Tea Frock. Supple Velvet is used for this Tea Frock (right), which is cut with draped neck-line, soft gathered epaulettes on shoulders forming deep V at back. Coatee cape to match. In black and a good variety of colours. In three sizes. — 6½ GNS.

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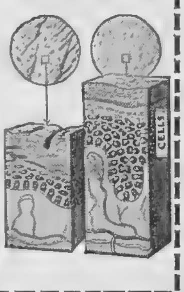
Right section shows skin after treatment with W-5: surface smooth and firm, rich, active tissue; increased rows of cells, improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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YOU'LL HAVE THESE TO READ

FLASHBACKS OF HISTORY : No. 8 : "ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES."

"AND NOW — WHAT?" *by Cosmo Hamilton.*

BALBO THE MAGNIFICENT: *by Lady Drummond Hay.*

PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES : *by C. Fox Smith.*

"THEY WERE NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN": *by J. G. Sarasin.*

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"THAT WRONG SORT OF STORY": *by Hannen Swaffer.*

"PREVIOUS RANK": *by Van Wyck Mason.*

TOWN OR COUNTRY HOUSE-KEEPING?

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES : ANOTHER CHARMING HOME IN CHELSEA.

MOTORING : *by The Earl of Cardigan.*

VIRTUE OF SIMPLICITY IN FURNISHING AND DECORATIONS: *by Winifred Lewis.*

OLD TALES RE-TOLD : "PAUL AND THECLA": *by D. R. Fotheringham. Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*

"THE FUR COAT": *by W. B. Trites.*

HOLIDAY HEALTH.

THE ONE, TWO, THREE OF BEAUTY : ECONOMICAL TREATMENT, *by "Chrysis."*

DRESSING TO PLEASE MEN.

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN THAT MEN APPRAISE.

LUGGAGE FASHIONS OF TO-DAY: *by Judith Ann Silburn.*

KEEPING THE CHILDREN HAPPY ON HOLIDAY: *by Winifred Lewis.*

HOLIDAY KNITTING.

BOOKS : *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*

SIMPLE DRESS DESIGNS.

SUMMER DRINKS : *by A. H. Adair.*

LIGHT MEALS FOR AUGUST.

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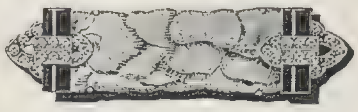

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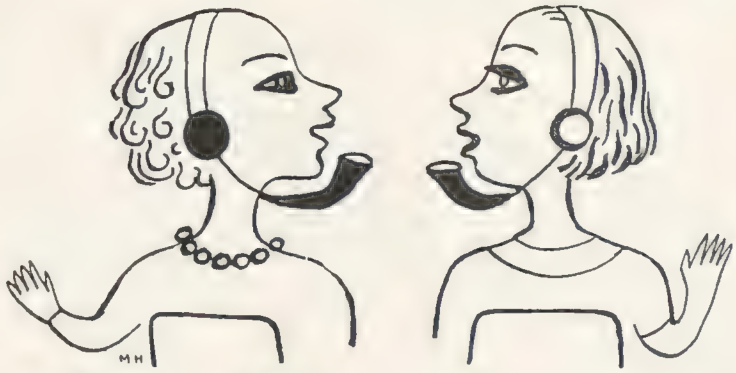

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXVI.

MORE FUN IN CONTRACT.

When writing a little time ago about the comedy to be found in contract, I never dreamt of what heights this comedy could soar to; but listen—one day this week I received three communications on contract. I may have a warped sense of humour, but I have been chuckling to myself about them ever since: (1) I had a letter from a friend who writes bridge books. "I would dearly love to teach players common sense, *but it cannot be done.* This seems strange, but the fact is no publisher will look at a bridge book unless the writer introduces some weird and wonderful system. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my book published, because I did not devise some patent means of showing how to bid a slam by starting off with a club bid or some other device." Boiled down, this means that a writer is compelled to write what he knows is rubbish, and that a publisher will only publish what he knows the author knows is rubbish! Does that strike you as funny? It does me!

(2) Is an eleven-page booklet called "Pocket Guide to the Step System." Is there a Step System—or is some such atrocity going to be thrust upon us, and is this Pocket Guide just a warning of what to expect? Or is it but exemplary of what my friend says about publishers and their love for "Weird and wonderful systems"? Or is it a leg-pull? I think it is, and that the author said to himself, "Let's see how much the English contract player will swallow, and by Jove, if he'll swallow this, he'll swallow anything!" To be perfectly honest, I must confess that I have no business to say anything about this booklet at all, for I cannot make head or tail of it. It would *appear* (but I am none too sure about it) that you bid a club, and then, by the application of Steps, of which I think there are eight, you pass over a code message that you hold three aces, and one king, or two aces and two kings, or three kings and one ace, and a variety of other messages, and then you, or some other player, bid a slam. You can get this Pocket Guide from Harrison and Sons, London, for 1s.

(3) Here is the plum! The Analysis and Comment, by Colonel Buller and Captain Kempson, on the Buller-Almacks Bridge Contest. Now Buller, in addition to being a high-class bridge preceptor, is a born humorist. All his bridge books are overflowing with wit, and this one is no exception. The good-natured slating he gives his opponents—I mean those who don't accept his views and dare to set up their own in opposition—makes delightful reading. He writes: "My Friend Ely (Public Enemy No. 1) Culbertson . . ." Culbertson is *Public Enemy No. 1* because his system of bidding is popular over here, and Buller strongly disapproves of it. Nearly every other writer gets a slash from his witty pen, and what he calls our pro-American (bridge) Press get it hot and strong. You are carried away by his tremendous enthusiasm, his extravagant laying-down of facts (and, of course, there are no actual matters of fact in contract), his battle cry, "All-English, All-Natural, All-Common-Sense Bidding—Out Upon Every Other Single Contract Method," seems to shout at you from every page. And it is all so good-humoured and so well done, too; and it is all so amusingly done. I strongly advise every one of you to get this book—it only costs 3s. 6d. You will then be able to judge for yourselves whether this was "The Best Contract Bridge yet seen in any Country," as stated on the cover of the book, or if "The match was a farce and produced the worst exhibition of bidding ever seen in public," as stated by the Captain of Almacks' (the winning) team. That two big authorities on the (?) game of contract bridge can hold such opposing views about a contest extending over 200 duplicated hands, strikes me as a more Gilbertian situation than ever Gilbert himself dreamt of. If this expression of opinion means anything (which is doubtful), it means that contract experts know nothing about contract, or, if they do, that then contract bridge in tournament form is Bumblepuppy and not very high-class Bumblepuppy at that. I don't say that this is my expressed opinion about this or any other duplicate contest, but it must be the opinion of the Captains of these two teams, for clearly the play of a game cannot be the best and the worst at the same time unless that game is Bumblepuppy.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

E. C. Williams.—I replied by post, but the letter was returned. I must have misread your address. If you will let me have it I will write again.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUGUST 8.

Across.—1. Palpitation. 8. Significant. 11. Alas. 12. Saga. 13. Accuser. 15. Scrooge. 16. Datas. 17. Tops. 18. Shot. 19. Panic. 21. Obadiah. 22. Balance. 23. Hour. 26. Bede. 27. Sympathiser. 28. Pertinacity.

Down.—2. Axis. 3. Pinched. 4. Taft. 5. Tactics. 6. Owns. 7. Catastrophe. 8. Sarcophagus. 9. Tam o'Shanter. 10. Parentheses. 14. Rajah. 15. Sahib. 19. Parapet. 20. Cardiac. 24. Ryde. 25. Eton. 26. Best.

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON

Name ______

Address ______

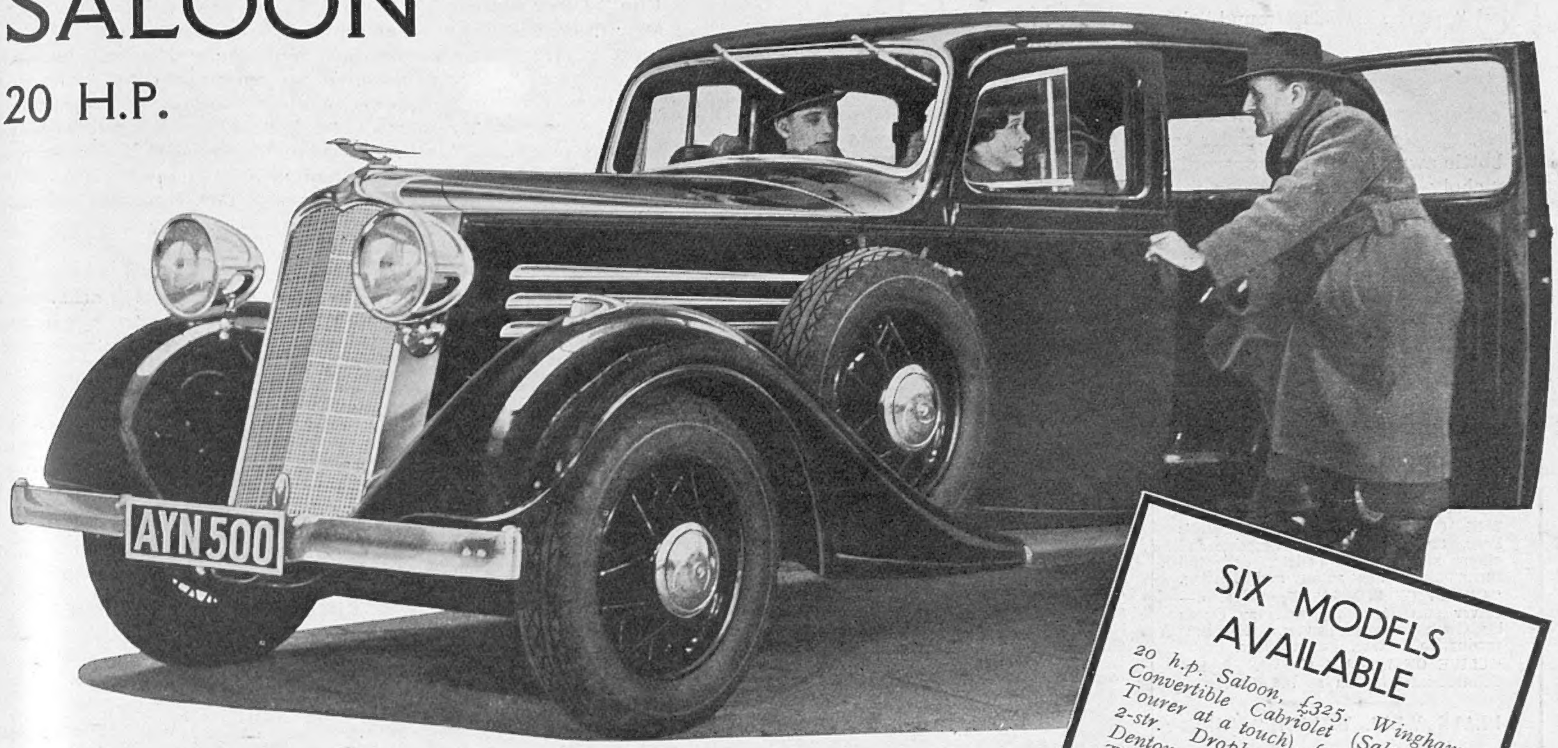
______

(See Page 312) 15/8/34.

MISS JOAN PARNELL, "Petherton," Upper Rose Hill, Dorking, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of August 1 to be first opened on Tuesday morning, August 7. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

£325 THE NEW VAUXHALL SALOON

20 H.P.



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This new 20 h.p. Vauxhall Big Six is the kind of car you would expect to cost from £450 to £500. It is a big, luxurious saloon in the true Vauxhall tradition, yet the price is only £325, and next January the tax will be down to £15. For over thirty years Vauxhall have been building outstanding motor cars, but never before have they offered such remarkable value for money as in this new Big Six. It is an all-feature car, with entirely automatic chassis lubrication, pedomatic starting, vacuum controlled ignition, Synchro-Mesh gears, self-returning direction indicators and Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 312.)

of his friend Stephen, a brilliant artist killed in the war; but Undine was, and remained, his true affinity. He himself was debarred from military service on account of his health. A doctor assured him that, having regard to this weakness, he ought not to drink, but he disregarded this advice, and as the story lengthens so (with some intervals of abstemiousness) do Tom's potations. Mr. Shanks never fails to record them: on every fourth page (towards the end of the book) some mention is made of alcoholic refreshment.

Had "Tom Tiddler's Ground" been written in the middle of the last century, it would have been a propaganda novel, showing the dreadful effect of strong drink on a promising young man. Belonging to a less censorious age, Mr. Shanks does not write as a kill-joy; he chronicles the annals of Tom's thirst without any overt disapproval. But in spite of this, the tender-hearted reader cannot help exclaiming: "Oh, do take the bottle away from him," or words to that effect, and in the end, Tom's melancholy failing becomes our sole preoccupation, to the exclusion of our interest in his other activities, numerous and varied as they were.

Mr. Asquith's Poems. The publication of Mr. Herbert Asquith's "Poems: 1912-1933," is a most welcome event. Mr. Asquith won fame with that exceptionally fine war-poem, "The Volunteer," which, with several kindred pieces, is re-printed in the present volume. The war inspired his muse, without (as sometimes happened in the case of his contemporaries) bewildering and intoxicating it. It moved him to poetry, not to random exclamations and ugly, disconnected images; and though his poems do not (what poems could!) embody the whole complex of emotions evoked by the war, they recapture some of them with effortless fidelity. Elegiac in mood, charged with unforced pathos and the sense of loss, they remind one of an air by Gluck, "sad with the whole of sadness."

But (if we set aside "The Volunteer") the best poems in the book are those inspired by country sentiment, by the English landscape and by the birds and beasts that haunt it. One can detect echoes of Belloc, of De la Mare and (in "Dan and Joan," a lovely little poem) of A. E. Housman; but Mr. Asquith has his own note, and anyone with an ear attuned to the voices of the poetic choir will not fail to recognise its individuality. "Love and Humour," for instance, is an exquisite conceit, but a twentieth-century conceit that owes nothing to the Elizabethans. Mr. Asquith's poems about animals, too, have a peculiar felicity; an unusual intensity of vision. All the poems are distinguished by scrupulous workmanship, but it does not detract from their spontaneity; over and over again I felt that thrill down the spine which (Mr. Housman tells us) is a sure test by which you can recognise true poetry.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Pageant and Other Stories. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. (*The Sidney Press and Simpkin Marshall; 7s. 6d.*)

Tom Tiddler's Ground. By Edward Shanks. (*Macmillan; 7s. 6d.*)

Poems—1912—1933. By Herbert Asquith. (*Sidgwick and Jackson; 4s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"**TOUCH WOOD**" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.30.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.

"**QUEEN OF SCOTS**" (New). 8.30.—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen ffrangçon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

"**CLIVE OF INDIA**" (Savoy). 8.30.—Colin Keith-Johnston as the hero.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**MEN IN WHITE**" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"**LABURNUM GROVE**" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"**LIVING DANGEROUSLY**" (Strand). 8.30.—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.

"**VINTAGE WINE**" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"**WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?**" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Nelson Keys and Hermione Baddeley, Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.

"**SPORTING LOVE**" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"**ADMIRALS ALL**" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—Amphibious comedy with Laura La Plante, Clive Currie, etc.

"**SIXTEEN**" (Criterion). 8.30.—Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"**SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC**" (Saville). 8.30.—Viola Tree, Reginald Purdell, and some crack dancers in a musical entertainment.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"**THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD**" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.

"**LIEBELEI**" (Academy).—A fine screen version of Schnitzler's famous play.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES**" (Capitol).—Fine performance by Aline MacMahon in her first star part.

"**A CUP OF KINDNESS**" (New Gallery). The old Aldwych team in fine form.

"**STAND UP AND CHEER**" (Regal).—Warner Baxter in spectacular musical show.

"**ROMAN SCANDALS**" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Eddie Cantor makes Whoopee in Ancient Rome.

"**KISS AND MAKE UP**" (Plaza).—The problems of a beauty doctor.

"**MURDER ON THE RUNAWAY TRAIN**" (Empire).—Charles Ruggles adds comedy to thrilling train melodrama.

FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"**WARN LONDON**" (Empire)—Edmund Gwenn and John Loder in a British "crook" drama.

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